Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

Some years ago I was riding through the canyons and along the ledges of the mountains of Colorado on the seat of a big freight wagon, drawn by six mules and driven by an old-fashioned frontiersman, who was so full of profanity and philosophy that I cannot forget him. He was driving the leading teams down one of those wrinkles in the brow of the mountain, the brakes firmly set and the six big mules holding back with all their might, and yet the speed was increasing, and the worst of the descent was yet to come. I knew the road well, and was looking forward to where a sharp turn around a projecting buttress of rock made it exceedingly dangerous for those who were driving too fast or had lost control of their cattle. Our wagon was overladen, and it was my fault, for I had not taken the teamster's advice. Behind us rumbled a score more of heavily-freighted "schooners," and my nerves were not made more easy by hearing the clattering of hoofs immediately behind us. I looked back, and the twenty wagons were dangerously close together. There was not a foot to spare at either wheel—on one side the mountain, on the other a precipice with the tall pines and the cascade hundreds of feet beneath. Within forty feet of the point of rocks and the sharp curve in the road, crack went the brake, the foot-lever flew forward, almost precipitating the driver against the mountain side, but in a second he was erect, his long quirt cracking like pistol-shots at the ears of the mules and his voice shrieking out, "Hi there!" When I heard the brake give way, I almost involuntarily started to my feet as if to jump, but between the first crack of his whip and the torrent of blasphemy which followed he yelled at me, "Stick to the wagon." The mules jumped forward, the wagon lurched like a boat in a storm, and we swept around that point of rocks in a way which made my heart stand still. Then began the up-grade and safety. As I looked at the driver, his face gleaming almost chalky white through the edges of his scattered beard and making the spots of sunburn stand like scorched patches on a sheet, he turned to me and said a number of things which were not complimentary, but which were exceedingly profane. The name of his Maker and my folly were mingled together in a way which on any ordinary occasion I would have resented. Soon he calmed down and proceeded to give me a lecture on the text of "Stick to yer team; never jump out'n the wagon. If things is a runnin' you, lick up your mules and run them."

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"Now, where would ye'v bin if you'd jumped?" he demanded, "Down there in the canyon with th' top of a tree stickin' through ye and them buzzards flyin' off with hunks of yer meat. That's where yeh'd bin." (Here fill in any expletives that occur to the imagination of the reader) "There hain't nuthin' in jumpin'. The only chance ye'v got is to stick to th' place that yer safe in and swear. Don't try to hang back if the brakes is broke. Git up steam and keep her agoin' as long as you kin, and when the time comes fer yeh to go over the edge yer jist as safe in the wagon as you would be a-jumpin', and mebbe yeh'll git through jist like we hev, though if I hadn't a-hollered you would hev jumped, you—" (Again fill in a column of remarks which would convict a man without trial before the Great White throne or anywhere else where profanity is prohibited.) It was a moment that I shall never forget. It was a lesson which I shall remember, and a rule (excepting the "swear" part) by which I shall abide as long as I live. Never jump out of your own wagon. Things may look very dark, surroundings may be dangerous, but as the old teamster said, "dang it, you can't tell what you kin ride over." And I might add to this, it is impossible to tell what you can't ride around. People begin things and get frightened. They overload their wagons as I did, and the brakes give way, but at the crisis they have not nerve enough to whip up their mules, and for the terrible moment which is between them and the crisis to maintain control of their caravan. Very few people that I ever knew or heard of ever found themselves the worse off for having stuck to their wagon till the last minute. Of course when one knows that the ship is bound to sink, that nothing can save it, and there is a chance of safety by taking to the boats, he would be foolish in not doing so, but many people have been drowned by deserting the ship too soon. Man was not born to live on water, but on land, where he belongs, and there is always a good rule to stick to the wagon.

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A good example of how men lose their heads is furnished in the recent West end scandal where a prominent church member, after denying his guilt, is alleged to have got a friend to settle the matter by the payment of a sum of money. At the beginning he seemed prepared to fight the thing through and many people believed him innocent, but when the wagon got going a little fast he jumped out and thought he was safe. What was the result? The settlement did not quiet the scandal, but instead, he figuratively broke his own neck, was condemned by the church and placed himself in a position where he is to be sued afresh for damages. If the man had fought the thing through he could not have been worse off than he is to-day and he might have succeeded in making people believe that he is innocent. If he had acknowledged his fault at the beginning he might have worried through his trouble, but he put his hand to the plough and then looked back. Never do it. No matter how black things look make up your mind and stick to it. I am not speaking from a moral point of view, but from the standpoint of what is temporarily best for a man or woman when they find themselves in a difficult and dangerous position. Mankind has sympathy with anyone who is willing to fight; it admires those who close their teeth tightly and use their last effort to drive instead of being driven. Any weakness or sign of wavering is quickly noticed. Every act of courage, even in a bad cause, is more or less admired. If your business is in a bad shape, use the last ounce of energy that is in you to make your team drag it around the curve. If things are bad socially, or in any way which concerns you, determine to be master of the situation till the crash comes, and then have nothing to say. Remember, I am looking at this from a purely material and human standpoint, and the idea is only valuable as far as it is within its legitimate sphere. The majority of troubles which come upon people are the result of somebody getting frightened and jumping out of the wagon. With perfect courage and knowledge of the route, it is a queer load that cannot be hauled around the most dangerous curves and past the most frightful precipices. Never weaken, my friends, if you are in trouble. There is nothing in it but condemnation for yourselves.

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I have received a letter, evidently from a lady of foreign birth, who takes exception to what she supposes was an unlimited advocacy of realism in my last week's article. She says:

"I have been reading over your Around Town, and find the flavor bitter. Do you think that we women can only admire ideal works, men of straw, divinely beautiful women, who have never existed save in the imagination of romanticists? Not so, I assure you; but the vulgarity of the men of some novelists and the men who are around us every day is overpowering, crushing us with their rudeness. Both ill-bred men and women are perfectly real, much too real. When we take up a tale we want to close our eyes to the world around us, put out of hearing the coarse, rude noises of life, and revel in the ideal, if you will have it so. Monsieur, the little refined touches are so remarkably absent in Canada that it is refreshing to find them in a tale. Of course, we all know, some of us women only too well, that even gentlemen forget their duty to their wives, etc., but, for goodness' sake, let us not have this commonplace, dreary business introduced into everything we take up to read. When we are perhaps hoping to forget ourselves and our woes for a time, lo! the ugly monster—realism—crops up and we lay down the page, feeling that it were well, in a literary sense, to have lived in the days of Clarissa Harlow. Ah, mon Dieu, why did you permit yourself to write this? 'A woman, God's noblest and purest creation, ceases to be an angel to a man when the mystery and sacredness which surround her cease to exist.' The way you put it has made me feel most keenly, because it is a man's real sentiments, his soul unveiled, in cold and unsympathetic type, so bluntly, almost brutally, put. In other things, let me compliment you on your finesse, monsieur, I cannot on this. I want to be humbugged, if by that you mean preserving the beauties of life which we gather as we go along. God forbid that women, anyway, should become realists in the common acceptation of the word. It will be a bad day for men the day we lose the tender, romantic feelings which so lighten and beautify our way through life. Leave us our illusions, for amongst them all truly man is the greatest."

A letter like this presents better than I could the side of the argument against realism, but I wish to call madam's attention to one very great error that she makes. She seems to think that if a man does not consider a woman an angel the woman has permanently lost something; that her condition has been necessarily made more miserable, and in fact that a man cannot love a woman unless he thinks her an angel. This is not correct. I think the world would be better off if the angel-woman idea were abandoned. Men are not hunting for angel sweethearts and wives. They are not really expecting to find angels and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when they are talking "angel" they are wondering whether the woman will keep the buttons sewed on their shirts and a decent dinner on the table. Angels are unfitted for this sublunary climate, they are particularly unfitted to be the companions of men. If there is an argument against romanticism it applies more strongly to this angel notion than to any other absurdity that I could mention. Men want companions. Angels, as I have said before, are not fit companions for men, but women are, if they are properly educated, and do not insist upon being regarding as ethereal beings. Our life in Canada may lack many of the refined superficialities which make the European cities so charming, but we have here as much as in any land on earth men who can love women, and are anxious to be kind to them, men who can be modelled by womanly hands, but who can be as readily spoiled by the nonsense of a female who has been persuaded by her lover's fervor that she is just a little too nice for this earth.

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When Saul of Tarsus took more pride in being of the strictest sect of the Pharisees than in being a Christian and a good citizen it was his delight to persecute those whose ideas were more enlightened, whose natures were wider than his own; and in modern times in every church one can find many who live and obtain prominence by the narrowness of their sectarianism and the rancor with which they persecute liberal Christian principles. In politics some men are still proud to say that they are a "Tory of the Tories" or a "Grit of the Grits," fairly revelling in their narrowness and unlovely littleness; so too we find those who are "Calvinists of the Calvinists" and "Methodists of the Methodists"—as Paul, before he had light let into his soul, was a Pharisee of the Pharisees. It seems to me that an outfit of this sort has undertaken to glorify themselves in the Methodist Church by declaring their belief that a Methodist university should be retained in the little town, where it has the entire swing and where the atmosphere can be so thoroughly permeated with the Methodist microbes and protoplasms, as to make it impossible for a student to be anything but a Methodist, and where there are chances of his becoming laced up before and behind so tightly that his circulatory system can not imbibe a whiff of anything but Methodism. If any of these gentlemen who have been so noisy and offensive to public-spirited people, while opposing college federation, could point out of what advantage it is for a man to become so entirely a sectarian that he has no soul left worth saving, it would partially exonerate them from the charge of being religious demagogues. But it seems that many of these would-be leaders of Methodist opinion would rather beat pans and play penny whistles in the market place than go about doing good and extending the idea that good citizenship is the basis upon which churches must be founded. The people either know, or are learning, that it is necessary to adhere to the principle which makes it necessary for every man who is valuable to the community as a citizen to esteem the honor and opportunities of being so developed that no matter what church he is in, his humanity, his patriotism and his breadth of soul shall prevent him from becoming a spectacle at which the ungodly may point their finger.

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Protestantism is endeavoring in this new world to prove to Roman Catholicism that the principles which it teaches can endure criticism, and are not endangered by contact with scepticism. The piety which Protestantism esteems is not that which has been secluded from the world by the cloister or the monastery, but that which has overcome doubt and worldliness in the battle which we all must fight. If the preferences and piety of the Methodist youth are unsafe in Toronto while at school, we have reason to suspect our system of college education, or else seek for the reason in the doctrine underlying Methodism itself. Every one understands that a youth whose religious education has been neglected, when he comes in contact with other creeds or with young men who have forsaken the faith, may be in danger, but the responsibility must be placed where it belongs, and it must be remembered that it is not the duty of the state to implant the doctrines of Methodism or any other "ism" in the mind of youth. Its duty is fulfilled when it affords an opportunity for higher education to the youth of the land. If, in a new country like Canada, sectarianism is to so divide the community and prejudice is to run so high that the young men and young women of each denomination must be cloistered from the world during the formative period of their mental existence, how is it possible for a state to find material with which to fill its colleges, and from which to select the material which is to control the unsectarian education and mental development which is its especial responsibility? If the Baptists are to have their school which is to be Baptist first, last and always; if the Methodists are to have a university which demands a knowledge of their catechism as a part of the matriculation; if the Presbyterians, in the matter of higher education, are to seize upon the youth and feed him Calvanism with his classics; if the Anglicans feel that they are losing their supremacy unless they get the soft material moulded into Anglican forms, before it is thrown into the oven of controversy, we cannot blame our Catholic fellow-citizens if they go a step farther and demand that the children of this province, whose parents believe in the ancient church, shall be given into the hands of church teachers while yet they are babes. If there is anything in the idea that Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Anglicans, etc., must have their special doctrines poured into the youth of this country, the strength of the Catholic position is made indisputable. If, on the other hand, it is safer to leave the religious education of the boy, the youth and the young man to his parents and spiritual advisers while he is studying his a, b, c's and pursuing his university course, then it becomes absurd for the denominations to isolate themselves and injure the possibilities of a state university in order to build up an outfit of one-horse colleges which have neither the means to equip a proper institution nor the learning and the breath of view which shall make them worthy of support. This country has so long been torn by sectarianism in education and everything else that the citizens are becoming tired of the conflict and are learning to despise those whose interests are so distictly the cause of their opposition to a broad and patriotic university system. If Methodism desires to be listed in the public estimation with Roman Catholicism, if its parsons are anxious for the hour when its name will be a synonym for overbearing priestcraft and social seclusion they are going the right way about it by making a fight for separate schools and all the littleness and prejudice which that sort of thing is sure to cultivate.

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It is rather an astonishing thing to find that classic journal, the *Saturday Review*, freely using, without the apology of quotation marks, the word "racket." It talks of the "socialistic racket, etc," and has evidently adopted this slang word as a valuable addition to its vocabulary. Conventionalism in literature has prevented the ordinary writer from using words which, at the time, have the greatest meaning, for fear the writer may be suspected of vulgarity and ignorance of the mother tongue. Slang has added to the language the strongest words which are in it. A word, a phrase, is often adopted by people as expressing an idea which would take a long sentence to describe. A word, or phrase, like a flash of electric light carries an idea to the mind of the reader, but because it is unconventional writers fight it, preferring to give a labored description, which is not half so forcible as the slang word. In America, newspapers are excused, yes admired if they can coin a word which will give their meaning without loss of time and the expenditure of a sea of ink. What indeed is written language but a medium whereby we seek to make an impression or convey an idea? There is nothing sacred about it which should make it a sin to add to the already powerful vocabulary which usage has given us. Yet one is accused of writing bad English if he has the least tendency to be slangy. The pedants roll up their eyes in horror when they see a new word, particularly if it savors of the street. They don't seem to know that the language used on the street is that which will convey an idea most rapidly and most forcibly, for on the pavement people have not time to linger while some one spurts lofty periods into their ears. Why is the English language esteemed the most forcible of modern tongues? Because it has not disdained to adopt such words and phrases which become by general use intelligible and forcible to the majority. It is all very well to write elegant English; it is better to write common sense. It is a pleasant thing to be told that one's English is above suspicion; it is worth much more to know that in a few words you have made an impression on the reader and given him an idea which he will carry away with him. This is a busy world. Every effort has been made to adapt the language to the haste and the necessities of busy people. No writer or preacher can hold a congregation long enough to make an impression unless he strikes out sharply from the shoulder and drops the ornamental nothings of which English writers were once so proud.

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Those who study the city newspapers must notice that Toronto is supplying the country with a good many murders, manslaughters and crimes of a sensational character, and I have heard it remarked that we are losing our reputation as an exceedingly moral place. It is a mistake to think that we are becoming worse. Toronto has become a large city, and the criminal class is increasing proportionately. After a certain point, the largeness of a city begins to attract criminals from all over the country in which it is situated, because it is well known that it is easier to hide from justice in a large center of population than it is to be concealed where the population is sparse and everybody knows everybody else and his business.

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Talking about large cities, but few cities are more unfortunate than Toronto in making a good first impression on a visitor. Coming in by boat one is first impressed by a lot of rickety wharves and a long line of freight and coal yards, a dingy railway station and rows of ugly boat houses. Coming in by train one has a view of the lake and poorer part of the city, if it is not obstructed by freight cars and train loads of hogs and cattle. This sort of an outlook is but a poor advertisement for a city which, away from the railroad track, is so attractive. A steel viaduct would remedy this sort of thing as far as railway passengers are concerned, and a handsome park, water front and esplanade would make the city appear to advantage to those who come in by boat. Entering Montreal, one gets a much better idea of the place, The C. P. R. runs on an elevated track and lands one at an exceedingly handsome station almost in the centre of the city. The same applies almost as well to the Grand Trunk and as the majority of tourists go away with the first impression they have received more firmly fixed than any subsequent one, it can be seen how Toronto is placed at a disadvantage by such a comparison for no one any longer presumes to make comparisons between Toronto and any other Canadian city, but its great rival in the east. Torontonians would not think for a moment of removing to Montreal unless for extraordinary reasons, but they should try to beautify and make more attractive the city to which they are so much attached.

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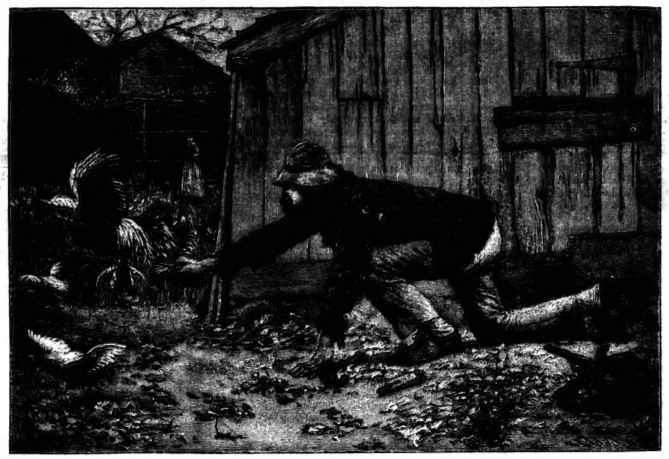
The greatest man is he, who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God, is most unfaltering.

Such is the force of envy and ill-nature that the failings of good men are more published to the world than their good deeds, and that one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues will with praise.



THE LOST BREAKFAST.

Social and Personal.

I must crave the indulgence of many kind friends who sometimes furnish me with social items which I cannot make use of. The printer's iron frame is unyielding, and often forces me to throw out much interesting matter which I should be only too glad to make use of, if I could.

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The promenade concert given by the Victoria Club at their handsome quarters, Huron street, on the evening of Friday October 25, was in every way a success. It was under the patronage of Sir Alexander and Miss Majorie Campbell The programme consisted of a promenade concert from 8 to 9 30, then dancing until twelve, to the music of Queen's Own Band. The decorations were pleasing; the supper well-appointed. At present the members' roll of the club shows four hundred names, and with such luxurious rooms should have a bright future before it.

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The guests were:—Miss Campbell, Miss Sweatman, Mrs. Dobell, Miss Dobell of Quebec, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. W. G. Wyld, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Fred. Moffatt, Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Miss Schreiber of Ottawa, Mrs. Geddes, Miss Gussie Hodgins, Miss May Walker, Miss Maud Yarker, the Misses Henderson, Miss Macfarlane, Miss Kate Merritt, the Misses Beatty, the Misses Shanly, Miss Christie, the Misses Denison, Mrs. R. Northcote, Mrs. Foy, His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Denison, Mr. A. Morgan Cosby, Captain Geddes, Mr. Wyld, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. David Walker, Mr. John Wright, Mr. Fred Moffatt, Mr. J. D. Henderson, Mr. Henry Duggan, Dr. Nattress, Dr. Sprague, and Messrs. C. L. Shanly, R. Fox, A. Foy, Mayne Campbell, Bertie Cawthra, Percy Hodgins, S. Alfred Jones, Gordon Jones, R. Moffatt, Stewart Morrison, Reginald Northcote, Mowat.

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The fourteenth annual meeting of the managers and friends of the Infants' Home took place on Saturday last in the board-room of that institution. The officers for the ensuing year were elected.

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On Tuesday took place one of the most brilliant weddings that it has ever been my lot to witness in Toronto. For many reasons the widest interest was taken in the union of Miss Mabel Heward to Lieutenant Williams of the Royal Engineers. The bride was the only daughter of one of the oldest Toronto families. But few of our hostesses are as popular or as widely known as Mrs. Stephen Heward, the mother of the bride, while the lady, who was the cynosure of so many hundred eyes on Tuesday, has, since her return from England, nearly three years ago, been one of the brightest adornments of Toronto society. Mr. Williams, whom I notice the daily press has prematurely promoted to a company, spent the greater part of last winter in town, and both as the betrothed of Miss Heward, and on his own account, was a personage of great interest to society. All who saw Mr. Williams in his handsome engineer uniform on Tuesday will admit that the rumors concerning one of his qualities, which had forerun his first appearance here, were not exaggerated. As two o'clock, the hour of the ceremony on the eventful day approached, a very large concourse of people filled every nook and corner of the cathedral, except the seats reserved for invited guests, while these latter were kept empty only through the efforts of several police and a group of able-bodied ushers.

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The chancel was beautifully decorated with a wealth of white flowers and tropical plants. From my place, some distance down the aisle, the chancel appeared rather gloomy, while the white surplices of the officiating clergy, the shimmer of the bride's beautiful white satin, and the brilliant scarlet of Mr. William's uniform, were all thrown into brilliant relief against the blackness surrounding the communion table. So great was the anxiety of many of the hundreds occupying pews on the side aisles to get a glimpse of the little group at the altar, that seats were freely used as standing places, and little attention was shown to the forms of the beautiful service.

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The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Du Moulin, assisted by Rev. J. D. Cayley. Misses Walker, Heward, McInnis and Grace Boulton attended the bride. Mr. Stephen Heward was groomsman, and Messrs. Dickson, Shanly, Hume Blake and Arthur Murray officiated as ushers. The altar was tastefully banked with palms, ferns, foliage plants and chrysanthemums, supplied by Mr. Slight. The musical service was arranged especially for the occasion and was under the direction of Mr. Percy W. Mitchell of Brussels. The bride's elegant toilette was white satin, draped with crepe de chine, and trimmed with wreaths of myrtle. Her veil flowing over the full court train was caught with diamond stars, and sprays of myrtle were twined in her hair. The large bouquet she carried was of orchids—heliotrope and faint yellow shades mingled with white. The attending bridesmaids' gowns were of eau de Nile satin trimmed with white crepe de chine. The veils were fastened with half-wreaths of scarlet bouvardii, and each wore a bracelet set with a moonstone and diamonds—a souvenir of the occasion, presented by the groom.

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The procession down the aisle, at the close of the ceremony, was perhaps a little hurried, but a very pretty sight. Outside, the fine chime of bells were pealing their merriest, and to their music the last of the seemingly endless line of carriages, finally took up its load. The guests followed the bridal party to Mrs. Stephen Heward's house on Peter street, and until half-past four, when Mr. and Mrs. Williams left for the station, merriment, criticism and congratulations had full swing. The number of invitations had been rigorously kept down, and the one hundred and fifty guests were sufficient to fill the charming old house without any discomfort through overcrowding. There were no speeches or formal toasts, but many a sparkling glass was quaffed in honor of both bride and groom. At 4 30 the happy pair set forth under showers of rice as thick as hail. A short honeymoon is to be spent at the Falls and elsewhere, and ten days hence the City of Paris will bear the newly-wedded pair to England to their future home at Aldershot, where Mr. Williams is at present stationed.

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One of the many presents from the bride's mother will be of great delight to them on the Atlantic. A complete suite of rooms, drawing-room, dining room, etc., all to themselves on the City of Paris.

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The following guests were present: Sir Thomas Galt, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Blake, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Blake, Miss Blake, Mr. and Mrs. W. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Miss Brough, Mrs. John Boulton, the Misses Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Miss Biggar, Mr. G. Boulton, the Misse Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Baldwin, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cassells, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. Wm. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. D. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. F. Cayley, Mr. E. Cayley, Miss Cayley, Mr. Hume Cronyn, Mr. B. Cronyn, Miss Cosens, Sir Alexander Campbell, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. J. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. E. Campbell, Mrs. H. Cameron, Mr. K. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, Miss Crooks, Miss Cartwright, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mr. Darling, Canon and Mrs. Du Moulin, Miss Du Moulin, Mr. Du Moulin, Mr. and Mrs. Edwardes, Mr. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Col. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, Mr. H. Gamble, Col. and Mrs. Grassett, Mr. and Mrs. A. Grassett, Dr. and Mrs. Grassett, Mr. and Mrs. G. Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Capt. and Mrs. Grant, the Misses Greene, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Heath, the Misses Heward, the Messrs. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin, Mr. Hellwell, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Heine, Mrs. Heineman, Chief Justice Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hagarty, Mr. O. Howland, Mrs. E. C. Jones, the Messrs. Jones, Miss Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Le Froy, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mr. H. D. Mitchell, Mr. A. Macdonnell, Mr. MacInnis, Miss MacInnis, Mr. and Mrs. E. Meredith, the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Huson Murray, Mr. and Mrs. C. Murray, Mr. A. Murray, the Misses Murray, Mr. Magrath, the Misses McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. and Miss Nanton, Col. and Mrs. Newbigging, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Robinson, the Messrs. Robinson, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Ridout, Sir John and Lady Robinson, Miss Robinson, the Messrs. Small, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. J. Strachan, the Messrs. Strachan, Mr. Shanly, Mr. St. George, Mrs. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Dr. and Mrs. Thorborn, Miss Thorborn, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. and Mrs. Vankougnet, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Misses Yarker, Mrs Winn, Mr. and Mrs. Wrong, Mr. Clarkson Jones, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. Ogden Jones, Mr. Fox, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. R. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. W. Thomas, Mrs. C. Scadding, Mr. and Miss Dobell, Messrs. Campbell, Mr. Casimer Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bethune, Miss Bethune, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Harris, Miss Carpmael, Miss Schreiber, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Miss C. Walker, Mr. C. Scadding, Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith.

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Among the almost numberless gifts there were noticed:—Bracelet of pearls and diamonds, Gen. Williams, father of the groom; pearl necklet and pendant, Mr. McInnis and family; gold brooch, Mr. Hume Cronyn; pearl bracelet, Rev. A. D. Hutton; gold brooch, the Misses Hutton; jewel case in old silver and gilt, Sir D. and Lady Macpherson; centre-piece in old silver and gilt, Mr. Homer Dixon; set of Crown Derby China, Mr. Alexander Macdonald; clock, Mr. Frank Joseph; travelling clock, Mrs. Winn; silver tea service, bride's brothers; water-color drawing of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr; Japanese vase, Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Robinson; fur sleighing robe, Mr. Fox; vases of Doulton, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson; silver patchbox, Mrs. Casselle; silver jewel casket, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy; antique silver spoon, Mrs. Edward Jones; silver gilt sugar sifter, Mrs. Nicol; six silver tea spoons, Mrs. E. Wilkie; China tea set, Mrs. Strachan; coffee spoons, Mrs. Cayley; worked photograph frame, Mrs. Edmunds; tea cosies, Miss Campbell, Miss Yarker, Miss Edith McKenzie; China candelabra, Mrs. Fitzgibbon; Dresden China vase, Miss Dawson; framed fancy photograph of the bride, Mr. Fraser Dixon; photo etching, the Misses Williams; five gold pins, each bearing a letter of the bride's Christian name, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon; bracelet, Mrs. Maguire; cheques, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. O. Heward, Chief Justice Hagarty, Miss McLean; case containing silver glove-stretchers and shoe horn, also fine Morrocco card case with watch set in, Mrs. Nordheimer; silver glove-stretcher, Mrs. Hutton; China vase, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Todd; silver muffineers, Mr. B. Cronyn; silver cream jug, Mr. Shanly; silver scent bottle, Mr. Nanton; oxydized silver water jug and gong, Mr. and Mrs. Hine; silver candelabra, Mr and Mrs. S. H. Blake. There were a great many pieces of handsomely-wrought fancy work and several articles of cut glass of fine quality.

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Mrs. Crosby is giving an At Home at her fine place Maphehyn this evening. Music from 8,30 to 11 30, so runs the legend of the cards.

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Mrs. Crawford of 539 Church street will be At Home, so her invitations declare, after 4,30 on Saturday, November 8.

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Mrs. James Crowther is apparently to have the honor of giving the next ball in the youth of the present season. Mrs. Crowther's large house on Bloor street west, is excellently adapted for a ball.

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Mr. W. A. Weir, of the Imperial Bank of Canada, who was recently married to Miss Josephine, daughter of the late George Van Felson, M. D., and granddaughter of the late Hon. Judge Van Felson, S. C., of Quebec, has taken up his new abode at No. 35 Avenue street.

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An event which has been looked forward to with considerable pleasure, came off with great *eclat* on Thursday evening, October 31, when Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Pearson entertained the residents of the Island, at their residence, 546 Sherbourne street. Nothing could be more enjoyable than the reunion of so many who had spent such a pleasant summer together on the Island. The guests numbered over one hundred, all of whom are full of praises of the host and hostess who entertained them so handsomely. The programme of dances was thoroughly enjoyed by the large party, and was continued into the wee small hours of Hallow-e'en. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dennison, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Henning, Mr. and Mrs. George King, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lowndes, Mr. and Mrs. George Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ridout, Mrs. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Wey, Misses Jarvis, Miss E. Gordon, Miss M. Hedley, Miss Douglass, and Messrs. L. Stewart, W. Stewart, V. Chadwick, H. Muntz, B. Coles, H. McMillan, H. Jarvis, B. Jarvis, P. Jarvis, Major Ward, Dr. D. Hart, G. Hart, B. Cowan, H. Muns, F. Gray, M. Lowndes, G. Heward, A. Branchaund, W. Carlisle, W. Strathy, H. Alley, E. Moss, A. Acheson, P. Maule, A. Sweatman, F. McDonald, W. T. Douglass, H. Hulme, and Miss Mockridge, Miss Ada Lowndes, Miss Kate Crawford, Miss M. Chadwick, Misses Muns, Misses Wilkes, Misses Dixon.

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Mrs. Barritt of Wellesley street gave an enjoyable "At Home" last Saturday afternoon.

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A very unique entertainment was given in Sherbourne street Methodist Church on the afternoons and evenings of October 24th and 25th. It was called a "rainbow social." The "social" part consisted of ice cream, etc., and "rainbow" was aptly applied to the bazaar. Booths trimmed with tissue paper in the various shades of each primary color were erected around the room. In them were exposed for sale ali manner of fancy articles, constructed of materials the color of the stall. "That booth," said a merry girl, pointing out one which was a little in the shadow, "should have been over on the other side to get the light, but we would have had every scientist in the room after us if we'd put it there." A programme was given on Friday evening, and the ladies whose fertile brains and busy fingers have worked so industriously in the fashioning of all manner of dainty and useful articles should feel proud of their success in the aptly named "rainbow social."

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Sherbourne street Church was filled on Wednesday evening, October 23, with an expectant company which had gathered to witness the marriage of Mr. Jeffrey E. Hansford to Miss Frankie Henderson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Hansford, father of the groom, assisted by Rev. Dr. Stafford and Professor Rayner. The wedding party looked very pretty at the altar. The bride's dress was white faille, and she wore a veil with natural flowers and diamond ornaments. The bridesmaids' toilettes were white and pink, and they wore pink roses in their hair. Two little pink robed maids of honor followed the party down the aisle, while the organ rolled out its congratulations and whispered comments and good wishes followed the hush which the solemnity of the service had induced. The guests were: Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hansford of Morrisburg, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Stafford, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Dewart, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Briggs, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Reynor of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. John Donagh, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fudger, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hillock, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilmott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Doane, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Aikenhead, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Scoley, Miss Scoley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Toye, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Shaw, Dr. T. Henderson, Mr. R. H. Henderson, the Misses Richardson, Miss Bella Christo and Miss Kate Bellamy of Flesherton, Miss Bellamy, Mr. W. C. Braden, Mrs. Geo. Shipman of Cannington, Mr. Joseph Reynar of Three Rivers, Que., Miss Bird Hansford of Morrisburg, Miss Spink, Mr. Wesley Richardson and Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Sykes.

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Miss Alexander's recital, which takes place on the evening of Nov. 4, comprises a programme of entirely new selections. She has been engaged to give a recital in New York by the Manhattan Athletic Club on Dec. 19.

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Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Sullivan returned last week from Washington. Mr. Sullivan's health has been much improved by the delightful climate, and he and Mrs. Sullivan had the honor of being presented to President Harrison.

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Miss Birdie McKeown, a Toronto young lady, who has been studying at the Conservatory of Music in Boston, sang recently at a reception given in that city. She was received with much favor, and her teacher Mr. Lyman Wheeler writes that he is proud of her rapid progress. Miss McKeown is also an accomplished pianiste.

Out of Town.

BELLEVILLE.

Dr. A. Wills left on Monday for Gananoque en route for London, England. He expects to leave by the Oregon or Toronto, and will be absent about a year. The good wishes of his many friends in Belleville go with him.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips took a trip to Toronto last week. Mrs. Phillips remained some days.

Rev. Mr. Pole has returned to the city.

St. Thomas' Church Literary and Musical Association held a meeting on Monday evening to prepare a series of entertainments for the coming winter.

The Grand Opera House.

The attraction at this house for the coming week will be Rice's Evangeline. This popular burlesque is well enough known in Toronto to ensure its success. The company comes well recommended, and numbers among its principals some well known and popular artists of the burlesque and comic opera stage. The tableaux and scenic effects are highly spoken of, and lovers of spectacle may safely expect to see an excellent show.

Miss Nora Clench.

I went to Hamilton on Wednesday to attend Miss Clench's Canadian *rentree* on that evening. I found the Grand Opera House crowded with a really brilliant audience, which showed, by every means within their power, their approbation of the young *debutante*. Miss Clench's playing was a most pleasant surprise to me. She has a fine, large tone, rich in sympathy, and she has a wonderful executive facility, which enables her to play the most difficult music with ease and grace. And she has, withal, a charming, unconscious manner, which adds to the beauty of her performance. All of which go to make up a little artist that Canada may well be proud of. METRONOME.

The Unkindest Cut.

"Why is summer like pride?" inquired Clara Herself of George Himself as he strolled about the moonlit lawn.

"I cannot answer, love. Why?"

"Because it goeth before a fall," she answered laughingly.

"We had better go in now," was all the young man said, as a deep sigh escaped between his set teeth.—*St. Joseph News.*

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Come early in forenoon and avoid afternoon rush.

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Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—What a number of brocades are worn. The wedding gowns, the evening dresses, the visiting toilettes, all have brocaded goods in combination. Such exquisitely dainty fabrics they are too—not the time-worn patterns of impossible roses and improbable leaves, but fanciful creations in raised velvet on satin grounds. A plain silk is rendered elegant by the addition of this rich fabric. Faced cloth becomes dressy when made up in combination; and for evening wear the delicate tulle, lace and muslin are rendered more ethereal in contrast with the decidedly self-asserting brocade. A silk rejoicing in the French name, mousseline-de-chiffon, is a new fabric. In plain English it is a silk muslin slightly craped, and it drapes beautifully. Since the style of waist garniture is principally draping now, goods which will allow such liberties to be taken with them, are essentially popular.

A glove which finds a great deal of favor for street wear in the day time, is the sac glove. It fits loosely on the wrist, of necessity, for there are no buttons. It comes in heavy suede leather, also in tan and gray kid. The absence of fastening is certainly a benefit. Gloves so quickly grow shabby around the button-holes—not to mention the buttons which have such provoking ways of suddenly disclaiming all connection with the most important buttonhole, that one welcomes the sac glove with a sigh of relief.

Dame Fashion does not hesitate to lay down fixed rules with regard to the color of gloves, and the most important New York journal states without reserve: "White with white; black with black; gray with gray; and tan with every color."

Small bonnets will be worn for evening, and surely the theatre and concert-going public will feel like singing the doxology when they are positively certain that the prediction has grown into a fact. Why won't all the women, or why won't some of them, resolve to remove their head-covering at every concert and entertainment, where a view of the stage is desirable? One can't see through bonnets, and a tuft of feathers or a bunch of flowers planted in my line of vision, rouses millions of wicked and revengeful spirits which were erstwhile slumbering. I speak merely of feathers and blossoms, and make no mention of velvet towers which any woman, with any regard for the comfort of others, should refuse to wear under any consideration. Men remove their hats—why can't we? Nineteen women out of twenty-one, look better without a bonnet, so if it's for appearance sake, we are on what boys call the "wrong track."

It's no use, my dear; I dare not say another word on that subject, or you'll not hear of all the pretty things I've seen this week. But, Mollie, just a moment—don't wear a vision obstructor, and if you do, wear it on your lap all the time the play, concert or lecture is in progress.

A pretty buffet-cloth is made of butcher's linen, momie or scrim. So far it is very ordinary, but the decoration is a work of art. It is nothing less than drawn work, so caught and twisted and tacked as to resemble antique lace. The work is described as "interesting" and easily accomplished after a study of the lace intended to be reproduced.

Collars and cuffs of finest linen are again pronounced "the style," and certainly they are neat. Of course they are refined and ladylike, but oh, Mollie, they're stiff, and they won't stay pinned. There's one comfort, though—we can wear cuff buttons and studs; and they are really pretty now. Some are gemmed, some plain gold or silver. For my part I prefer plain ones, and would rather dispense with the stones and put their price into the gold or silver.

I saw such a dainty little perfume bottle the other day. The shape of it is the old style of vase, with a long, slim neck and circular bowl. It was of fine white porcelain with a pretty gilt pattern, and the solid silver cap was attached to the neck by a slender chain. It is quite the daintiest little affair I have seen for a long time. Such pretty slippers and shoes are now shown that one longs for a pair to match each house-gown, and a fender on which to perch the cunningly fashioned and fancifully decorated foot-gear. Low slippers are embroidered in steel, silver, jet and gold beads. Others have vamps of patent leather, while the rest of the shoe matches the dress in color. The material may be velvet, kid, felt or satin. One style ties on the instep with ribbon the same shade as the upper. Speaking of shoes though, the kind which fills one's soul with gentle thoughts for the world in general, is the bed-room slipper of crochetted work. The elder-down sole, the wooly surface, the delightful sense of having cheated the floor out of its chilling prerogative, make one feel good-humored even if the street-cars do persist in rumbling and dinging just when one wants to have an extra "forty winks." By all means admire the dainty exhibitions of the shoemaker's art, but don't pin your chances of solid comfort to anything so likely to be beautiful at the expense of warmth. I don't suppose you would want to use French kid slippers for bed-room ones, but get the last mentioned ones first, that's all.

To-day I noticed a piece of dress goods which claimed my admiration at first sight. Its color was grayish blue, with an uneven warp-thread of white coming into notice now and again. It was coarse in texture, and for a street dress that qualification is a good one, as dust and mud can be removed with such ease. Recollections of several chilly morning half-hours spent in a partly-unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the mud from the drapery of a Henrietta cloth dress, enable me to speak with feeling and experience on this subject. Yours sincerely,

CLIP CAREW.

They Bolted a Farmer.

"Three tramps, headed for Detroit, came along to my place the other day," said a Wayne County farmer yesterday, "and as I was busy cutting corn, and in a hurry to get the work over, I asked them if they wanted a job. They higgled and haggled for a while and then agreed to take hold at a dollar a day, providing I would give them a lunch to begin on. It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and I brought out a lunch and they sat down in the field to eat it. I've seen tramps before, and while they were eating I had one of my boys turn out my three dogs and post them where they might do the most good.

"After eating their lunch, the tramps cast their eyes around to see where I was, and as I had my back turned to them they bolted for the highway. I didn't say a word, but the dogs tumbled to the trick and were on hand."

"Did they bite 'em?" was asked.

"Isn't that what dogs are for?" he innocently replied. "I guess they bit 'em. I heard a good deal of yelling and whooping for the police, but the police didn't show up. When I went over to investigate the tramps were half a mile down the road, running for victory or death, while each dog was playing with a bundle made up of coat-tails and trowser-legs. Mebbe them tramps got ahead of me, but if you happen to meet 'em, just ask 'em if they think they did."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

For Business.

In the matter of the workaday dress Fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other and more ornate occasions. And yet it is equally as important that the business attire of the man who desires to be called well dressed, shall be perfect in design, in fit, and in the harmony of all its parts. The necessity for this is apparent. How can a man maintain a reputation for taste in dress if his apparel merely conforms to a fixed model upon one occasion while plainly violating the ordinances of good taste when thrown more upon his own resources by the freer choice permitted. Thus it will be seen that the selection of the business suit is quite as momentous a task as the procurement of the evening attire.

Man wants but little here below
And wants that little good.

He will find it in a handsome business suit selected from the choice fabrics of Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West End Tailor, Rossin House Block.

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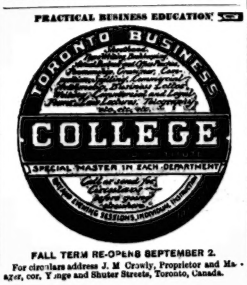

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Imported Ginger Ales	Ginger "
Domestic " "	Santomo "
Imported Soda Water	Claret—Best Brands
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Frontpieces, Bangs, Waves, Wigs, Switches, &c., &c.

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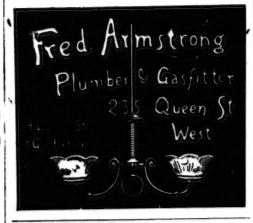

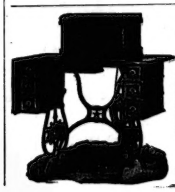

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Have now opened 250 cases of British and Foreign Novelties for the Early Fall Trade, consisting of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, French Dress Goods, Fancy Flannels, Lace Goods, Dress Trimmings, Fancy Ribbons, Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Children's Mantles, Cloakings, Shawls, Skirts, Corsets, Children's Dresses and Fancy Goods of every description.

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Are now showing a magnificent range of BOAS and MUFFS in BEAR and all fashionable furs.

Our Large Full Black Boas

at $15 are the best ever offered in the city at the price.

Seal Mantles and Walking Jackets

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We guarantee a PERFECT FIT, and use only the best material in their manufacture.

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Having purchased for cash at 50c. on the $ the following lines, which we sell at the undermentioned prices:

100 All-wool Bordered Costumes at $4, cheap at $8.	100 All-wool Broche Combinations at $6, unequalled in the trade at $12.50.
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In 65 of the new leading shades, all with Buttons, Fringes and Trimmings to match.

OPENED UP TO-DAY---4 cases Novelties in Street Jackets, Misses' and Ladies' Ulsters, Wraps, &c.

Mantle and Dressmaking Our Specialty

LAST PART OF A THREE PART STORY.

A WAYWARD CHARGE,

OR, SORE LET AND HINDERED.

BY H. PAINE.

The following morning I arose, not without fear, lest my protege might again raise some objection to our plan. His nervousness showed itself in his manner, but he seemed to be endeavoring to master his agitation, and if he had any of his old misgivings he had determined not to whine about them.

We left the house in a cab before many people were stirring, and reached Liverpool street station fifteen minutes before our train was due. There we stood for some time under the great glass roof, watching the people, mostly young men, streaming out past us to the London streets from different platforms as the trains came in. Presently I left John, telling him to wait where he was till I returned from the ticket office, and he promised to do so. But when I presently returned with two tickets for Settling, I could see no John. At first I was only a little annoyed; wondered how it was I overlooked him, and standing where we had parted I turned all round, scanning the changing groups.

I hastened, two steps at a time, to the ticket office again, looking for him. Then I thought of the waiting-rooms, returned, and hurriedly thrust my head into one after another, and scanned eagerly a few shabby individuals who looked up startled as I, with anxious face, broke in upon their rest.

Just as I dashed from the threshold of the waiting rooms to the light and noise of the main building, my notice was caught by a glass door near me which was swinging noiselessly; it was that of the refreshment room. As I turned to it its swing, was given fresh impetus from within, and let out, almost into my arms, John Bryant. He was rather taken back; no doubt he would have liked to have composed his features before meeting me, for his eyes were brimming with water and his face was purple, as if his breath had been swept away in a flood of refreshments and had not recovered itself. Then he had been drinking again! Well, it could not be undone now, and it was better than giving me the slip. What a weak fellow he was, needing continual watching to keep him to his resolutions!

I did not say a word, but handed him his ticket and hurried him off to the platform where our train was waiting. He had evidently made the most of his opportunities; his face was deeply flushed and I felt sure that the effects of the liquor he had drank would be visible still more plainly later on. But I tried to hope for the best as I looked at him sorrowfully. He met my gaze with an unkindly expression which hurt me. He had never shown much gratitude for all I was doing for his good; I may say he had never shown a particle. I received thanks only from the grateful couple at Settling; yet he had never looked resentful.

To me the journey was a trying one. But in due time the train drew up and stopped at Settling. I looked out. A few passengers had jumped down on the platform and were hurrying along to the gate which let them out on the road. Two or three vehicles were standing there, and among them I thought I saw old George Bryant's gray horse and the cart in which he had driven me.

I turned to John. He was sitting vacantly blinking, still under the influence of liquor. No wonder, for he had found opportunity to drink from a traveling flask he carried, and of which I suspected he had commenced only when it was too late to prevent him from testing its contents.

The bell was ringing for the train to start when I dragged him out on the platform, and with him hanging on my arm, went slowly towards the gate through which all the other passengers had some time before disappeared.

A porter in dark green corduroys with half their original number of brass buttons, came to take our tickets.

"Go and ask Mr. Bryant to come here," I asked him.

"Mr. Bryant," he responded. "He's gone home."

"Gone!" I exclaimed, and hurried out to look for his horse and cart. They had certainly disappeared. "Why, how is that?" I cried. "He came to meet us. I telegraphed for him to do so."

Mr. Bryant had driven away only a few minutes ago; perhaps he concluded we had not arrived, said the porter, for we had been so long getting out.

I told the man that I must take my companion on to Mr. Bryant's. What means were there of going? Instead of giving me any information at once, he expressed curiosity to know who John was, saying it seemed strange a man of his appearance should want to go to old Mr. Bryant's, of all places.

I ordered him to answer my question at once, so he said his people could have a fly or some conveyance ready for us within an hour. Thankful for this small mercy, I waited until the vehicle was driven up to the station, when I found that the driver was a countryman of the dullest nature, a fact that I afterward regretted.

We had four miles to go, and John soon looked better for his ride in the open air. He seemed now really for the best that his father had missed us at the station; yet when we reached home I feared his parents would instantly see that he had been drinking. I thought of the cowslip wine his mother was keeping for us. She would not press him to drink any now, I thought. Poor old lady!

Then an idea struck me! If only I could smuggle him into my room at the side of the house! The old couple might not see exactly what was wrong if they met him away from the bright daylight. I wondered if they would believe that the trembling of his hands was the effect of filial excitement.

It would be an innocent deception and a humane one to ward off sorrow from all parties concerned. I could not believe that I should be doing wrong to attempt it, and as I pondered I began to have considerable hope of succeeding.

There was only one obstacle which, though I could not cease to think of it, I saw no way of surmounting; that was the strong smell of spirits that hung upon John. I could not yet see what name I could give his illness to hinder his parents from embracing him and thus detect it. I did not believe that I should stand off even for something infectious.

Presently I saw the farm buildings and the poplar trees round the house where I was to go ahead from the window. I felt sure that old Mr. Bryant must have been home some time before us. I hoped that one or both of the men who had started from the station with him were at his house, for if they were he and his wife would probably be busy entertaining them, and we should be the more likely to get to my room without being seen.

I stopped the driver and made him understand that I did not wish to disturb the Bryants by any sounds of our arrival. My scheme succeeded admirably, and in a few minutes John was safely smuggled into my room. I closed the door and made him lie down on the bed.

"Here you are, home again at last," I said, patting his pillow. "I feel proud of my success; we will have you married next. No more yielding to drink then; she will be firm about that. She has a strong face. It struck me directly I saw her. Don't you think so, John?"

He turned heavily on his bed.

"She won't have no now; it's no use talking about that. She will see what I am."

"No, I don't believe any one need know," I said. "I will tell them it's agitation you've got. It was agitation that made you drink, you know. Can't you trust me yet? You never look at the bright side of things."

"Then I wanted to know if he were ready for me to bring his father and mother, or would he be better if he had a nap first?

He seemed very sure that he would; why not wait, he asked, till he had a long sleep? He began to declare so positively that he would feel much better about evening, that I laughed to myself at his caprices. He would have made me conclude he was speaking from a long experience of the effects of drink had I not been aware that it dated only from the previous day.

Yet I thought myself that rest would improve him; anyhow he would look better by candle light. Then the smell of spirits might be removed somehow before the evening, and I should have plenty of time to decide on the name of the attack from which he was suffering.

"Wait till night," he begged. "No one will know we're here. You can lock the door and go to sleep too."

I thought to myself that it was hard I should have to stay in there without any thing to eat till night, for I had had no dinner; but I felt I could even stay hungry if it were better for him.

The driver was at the side door. I remembered I ought to hurry back and dismiss him so that he could leave with his conveyance before any one about the house saw it. So I told John to go to sleep, tucked the counterpane around him, shut him in the room, and went noiselessly to the outer door.

The driver had sat down on the steps. He was a dull fellow, as I said before, and did not know I had returned till I touched his shoulder. Then he rose slowly.

"Four shillings," he said, keeping his hand extended while I took out my purse to get the money.

I had not enough silver in my pockets, and in the purse I could find nothing less than a five-pound note. I held that out to him. He took it, gazed at it wonderingly, and looked at me. I told him what it was worth.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Give you four poun', sixteen shillings! I ain't got a penny wi' me; beside, if I had——"

He turned over the note and stared at the other side doubtfully. Then he looked up, eyed me slowly up and down, and shook his head again.

I had been watching him with growing annoyance and anger.

"What do you mean by that?" I exclaimed. "I want to come to some settlement. I don't understand. You can come here at any time and get it from Mr. Bryant. I suppose you know him well enough. You will trust him, I guess."

"Who?" he asked. "Mr. George Bryant?"

"Yes, yes," I answered.

"Do you think he'll be willing to pay?"

"Yes, indeed he will."

"Well, that'll be all right then," said the man. "Why didn't you tell me so before. I'll call him now."

He saw me look bewildered and alarmed. I did not want Mr. Bryant to know of our arrival yet. We would be home before long, and I had not completed my preparations for the meeting.

"I'd like to speak to him, anyhow," said the lout. "Seems to me he ought to know there's strangers gettin' in at the side door."

The fellow said it in a contemplative way, then left me on the steps and walked deliberately along the side of the house towards the front. He was going to find Mr. Bryant.

I ran after him. Mr. Bryant would have to know of our arrival now; there was no way to hinder it.

"Stop," I said, plucking his sleeve. "Stop! I'm going to see Mr. Bryant myself. There's no need for you to go. I'll get your four shillings; just wait outside here."

"Oh, well, that's all right, then," he said. "Why didn't you say that first?"

Then he stood still.

It was very annoying that this trifle should arise to completely upset my plans; still I hoped it might have no bad result. I walked in at the front door, which stood open. One thought enlivened me; I should spy myself now I should not, after all, have to wait till night before I had my dinner.

I paused in the hall and looked into the sitting room. There was a fire there, chairs around it, and every sign of recent occupation; but the Bryants were gone.

I heard voices in the room opposite. Probably they had gone there to receive expected force. I left the sitting room threshold and started across the brick paved hall. Before I reached the parlor door I heard suddenly opened, and old Bryant, who had heard my steps, put his head out.

I advanced smilingly. Instead of responding to my greeting he popped back into the room; the door closed, and I heard him speaking hurriedly with some one within. I was standing in perfect amazement at this reception, or lack of reception, when the door handle turned and Mr. Bryant reappeared, behind him a tall man, with black whiskers, whom I had never seen before. I had not found a thought to explain this when they burst out, in a very excited manner, straight forward, as though they might be going to run over me.

The strangers passed my arm.

"Where's the fellow that came with you?" he demanded.

Before I had time to know what he meant, old Mr. Bryant called out, without taking any notice of me,—

"I believe! He's in the side room. Go on, now!" he cried, with a peremptory sign to me, and I was so at a loss to understand anything except the command of his tone and manner, that I hurried before them down the hall.

I opened the door and passed into my room without a pause, for the couple were at my heels. John, at our sudden appearance, started up, and stared from the bed, with widely opened eyes, at the two men.

They did not enter, but stood together on the threshold; they took no heed of me, glared only at him, and then exchanged a questioning glance. I felt that something strange was going on, and tried vainly to understand what it meant.

Next, the tall, dark man drew the key from the inner side of the door, slipped it in the outer, and before I had grasped anything of the situation, or spoken a single word, John and I were locked in, and they were tramping away up the hall.

The first feeling that defined itself was a flash of indignation tingling through my veins at the treatment, and I felt to knocking, calling, and then kicking at the door. Pausing for breath, I noticed John beside me; he had left the bed, and stood with his trembling hand extended, as if he wanted to lay it on my arm.

"Don't!" he cried. "Don't!"

I saw in his attitude, and in his every feature, such cowardice that my anger turned itself upon him. He was afraid of the stranger for he was whining:

"Don't call! Don't—you don't know who he is—that man!"

"Who he is?" I exclaimed scornfully, "what difference does it make, coward?"

He did not speak, but there was something in his dread that arrested my thoughts and spread itself to me.

"Who he is?" I asked, turning from the door. "Who is he?"

"He is John Bryant!"

"John Bryant!" I exclaimed, drawing back and staring. "John Bryant! And who are you?"

"My name is Douglas—Edwin Farthing Douglas."

At first I wanted to say something, but before I was able to speak I lacked the desire. Presently I knew I was worn out, and sank into a chair. It was useless to turn upon this fellow. What was old Mr. Bryant and his son—what were they going to do with the impostor? Why had they locked him up!—and me with him! They thought! I was his accomplice! Yes, everybody very naturally would. A vivid conception of another imprisonment to come sickened me. Surely they'd believe me when I told them I had credited this fellow's tale. I sat for a long time in steady struggling to escape my terrible thought—that they would not.

At last I went to the window; it was an old-fashioned affair; I threw back on its hinges the part which opened like a little door, and looked out along the side of the house. Then I called loudly for Mr. Bryant, called again and again, waiting between my calls; he did not answer and I began to fear that he never would.

He would not give me even a hearing; but presently, to my great relief, there slowly appeared from the front of the house the figure of his old wife who stood still at the corner. I remembered her kind-heartedness, and how we had parted the day before.

"Mrs. Bryant! Mrs. Bryant!" I cried. "Tell your husband to come here a minute, please."

She appeared to hesitate.

"I must tell him something, dear Mrs. Bryant," I imp'ored.

She turned the corner, and soon appeared again, bringing her husband. I think she would not fail me She stood at a distance to hear what went on, while he, with a disturbed face, came along the path to my window.

"Now," he began, "it's no use making any disturbance; the less noise you make the better! I'll be for you. You're both locked in, and——

"But," I exclaimed, "I assure you I've nothing to do with it. You must let me out. I had no idea, sir——"

"Tell all that to the pleecemen presently. They will let you out," he said, and to my dis may seemed about to go.

"Policemen! Stop!" I cried. "I have only just found out the truth—John—I mean—I forget his name—he has just told me who he is. Now do stop and listen! I met him on board the Polonia; he will tell you the same thing—and I believed everything he said."

I thought the farmer began to eye me wonderingly; my earnestness was making little felt. He shook his head and looked questioningly toward his wife.

"What are you going to do?" I cried. "Tell me that. What did you mean by policemen? Are you going to call the policemen for me?"

He answered stoutly,—

"Yes."

I threw myself as far out as the narrow window frame would let me, and appealed to Mrs. Bryant this time.

"Mrs. Bryant, you will tell him to listen, I am sure."

"Now, George," she cried, "don't you know how he talked when he came over there. Didn't he try to pass for our boy himself? Answer me that. Are you going to be talked over by him?" Then she addressed me. "Poor, poor old sinner, you know it! You found it wouldn't work, and now you bring another liller sinner by him down, that's tell me, with his muddy boots on my clean bed!"

That was the "dear old lady"! Motherly! Grateful! Oh, inconceivable! Monstrous! There was no one to defend me now; no one to say I had not a hope left, and knowing it, I subsided into the room again. The impostor was on the bed again; I sat down a long distance from him.

The suspense seemed endless. I heard the gate slam again and four or five men heavily tramping up the path; but it was only a party of farm laborers, for I heard their leader at the front door asking Mr. Bryant if they should come in, and they could make themselves useful, maybe, if the prisoners were "anyways obstreperous about going off."

At last the policemen themselves came. I heard their firm tread in my passage, and they were accompanied by a rabble of spectators who, I knew, were dropping off from them and arranging themselves about the passage.

I should be taken out among them soon. At least I would not be "obstreperous;" if they were incapable of being suppressed by a calm deportment, at least my report of it might have influence on the general public, or a judge and jury.

The key was turned, and I hardened my heart to face the door stoutly. Two men and two policemen entered, but before the door we closed behind them I saw what they carried in their hands, and I felt a shock of fear from my sight. They were bringing handcuffs, and it had flashed upon me that they would fasten me to the man from whom, to my great disassociation, I had been keeping the room's length. What about my stoical calmness now? Could I submit to that? They were putting the "steel bracelets" on him while I strove to answer myself. I knew, though I felt blinded, that they were dragging him across the room to me, forcing him, for he resisted. But what I was going to say or do I know not, for at that instant I saw and knew the face of the first. It was Bernard! Mr. Tom Bernard of Reading.

"What!" he cried, recognizing me at the same moment. "You! Is it you?"

At last my mouth opened.

"Bernard," I exclaimed, "you know me; help me out of this—this awful situation."

"Good heaveus!" he cried. "Why, how on earth——"

He addressed the policemen.

"Stop! This is a great mistake! This is a friend of mine! Don't touch him!"

They stood still, holding the wretched impostor by the arms. Everyone was silent, and I looked at the others wonderingly. I saw that the second man of the two who had come to help the policemen was the one with black whiskers—the real John Bryant.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" cried Tom Bernard. But I suppose he remembered it was a serious matter to me. "Wait, all of you," he said. "I must tell your father, Douglas."

He hurried to the door and called in Mr. Bryant. As he entered, his wife followed him, a mixture of disappointment arose from the people awaiting our appearance, and was cut off by the door being closed again.

Bernard told Bryant that I could not be arrested; I was not guilty of trying to wrong them in any way. He had no idea, he said, how I had managed to get myself into such a predicament. It was his friend, and my position and character rendered suspicion absurd.

To all this the old farmer listened silently, casting troubled looks at Bernard and me, and at the end turned with a still more wondering expression to his wife, as though seeking her advice. She was evidently still enraged, and would not accept any new ideas about the affair.

The old man looked rather timidly at me and at the prisoner, then, since his wife would give him no guidance, he said to Bernard:

"Well, sir, I'm very sorry, I'm sure. I didn't know what's to be done with him. What about the other fellow?"

"Who is he?" Bernard asked me. "Where did you pick him up?"

Then I explained as well as I could in my state of mind. I told them I had met him on a steamer and tried to help him. I had thoroughly believed his story. Once, though, I doubted it; then I had cabled to Bernard himself, and he had written a most flattering any one in the house, and that I had never saw what he was driving at till next day.

"Kitty, eh! He chose a pretty name, anyhow," said Tom Bernard. "Where does she live, on the next farm? You must take me to see her, Mrs. Bryant. I wouldn't go back to America without knowing what she is like for anything."

Here the prisoner, who was sitting on the bed between two policemen, gave a sudden hoarse noise, a kind of laugh, drew the attention of all to him, and made them consider how he was to be disposed of. John Bryant said that if he were prosecuted, it would certainly be involved in the disgrace and publicity of it; and if he represented the facts as he had stated, it might implicate him in the crime too. I could not help seeing this. It was an embarrassing situation, for the Bryants as well as myself.

I determined to show mercy to the wretched Douglas as John Bryant had shown it to me. I would take him back with me to London, and try to induce him to lead a better life. Instead of being an impostor and a burden upon his race, he might be taught to be a useful member of society, perhaps even a benefactor of his fellow creatures—a Philanthropist.

I broke an embarrassing silence and inquired if the 8 was still at the gate, heard that it was, and rose to go to it, while the man Douglas following me rather unsteadily.

As may be supposed, no one asked me to stay longer, though all, except Mrs. Bryant, came to the gate to see me off.

Tom Bernard, after we had entered the carriage, stood close to the window and delayed our start with his talk.

"It is too bad," he said, "your running away without Miss Kitty. I'm going to call and see her to-morrow. You musn't be jealous. I want to let them know in Reading what your taste is. I know—I'll have her photographed."

I glared at him and shouted to the driver to start.

I was sorry afterward, considering what a service he had done just before, for being out of temper with Bernard's fun. I hoped I didn't hurt his feelings. I don't believe he has any feelings for he was laughing.

Douglas was in the corner of the carriage opposite me.

"You heard it!" I exclaimed. "Why could you tell them the truth about the woman? Come, if you'll do it now I'll stop while you go back. She might marry you yet; indeed she might."

He stared wonderingly at me; I thought he was speculating whether it were likely.

"She would marry you!" I said. "She is really well off, and then her influence, too, on your character——"

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "I have seen her. I saw her in the hall. Influence on my character! Let me go to the dogs my own way in future!"

THE END.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

SUCH S—

Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THIS IS NO FICTION

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS,

taken as directed will quickly restore females to complete health. For a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;

THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC.

A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System, restoring long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH

the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best testimonials in favor of them is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

PREPARED ONLY BY

THOS. BEECHAM,

St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL,

Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

The Cigar as Matrimonial Agent.

An interesting treatise might be written on the important part tobacco plays in many countries. In some parts of Holland it is the custom for young men to employ cigars as a preliminary to courtship. When a youth is smitten with the charms of a maiden fair to see, he rings the door-bell of the house where she lives and asks for a match to light his cigar. This little manœuvre is merely intended to arouse the attention of the parents. But when he calls again under the pretence of getting a light for his cigar, they know what he is in the habit of, and take their measures accordingly, so as to be ready to give the young man his answer next time he rings. The third visit follows closely on the second. If the suitor is not accepted, he is refused a light and the door is shut in his face. But if the parents, after careful inquiry into the young man's antecedents and antecedents, decide to favor his suit, he is politely served with a light and, for the first time, asked to come in and see the lady of the house. Explanations follow. The wedded swain, as a matter of form, states to the parents which of their daughters he has chosen as the object of his affection. As soon as this point is settled the young lady steps forward and the two join hands. If by this time he has finished his cigar, his intended bride offers him another and also a light. An engagement has never been known to be cancelled at which a second cigar was smoked in the house of the young lady's parents.

Art in Dress.

There are indications that the "Box" overcoat will be more worn than usual, during the coming season. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 89 Yonge street.

An Ideal.

BY TYNDALL GRAY.

For Saturday Night.

Seyton Synnot, Q.C., of Synnot & Davenport, sat in the library of his house and nibbled the feather of a quill pen.

Mr. Synnot was wont to say to an appreciative friend, that in many ways he, Synnot, lived in the past—an apology, may be, for the quill, an old-fashioned custom he still adhered to.

If, as he stated, he lived in the past, certainly at this moment of his life he seemed to give credence to his belief; for with the feather between his teeth and a letter in his hand he appeared to be a picture of perfect abstraction.

The fire in the old-fashioned fire-place slowly waned—there was not much necessity for it, certainly—and twilight followed daylight, the shadows—unbidden guests—took possession of the room; yet the gray head still reclined against the back of the cushioned chair, and its occupier still dreamed over, and still held, the long closely-written letter in his hand.

At last the hand was slowly raised, and first the letter was set upon the tab e before him, and then the bell at his side was touched, a lamp was brought in, and the subdued light from beneath its reading shade revealed the dreamer.

A face full of refinement, and with a certain sadness that spoke through eyes and lips. Hair that was gray—nay! almost white, and in very striking contrast to the black mustache that fringed the lips.

A face that might have belonged when young to a student of art in any of its followings, and in which it was hard (even after the many years he had devoted to law) to recognize the greatest criminal lawyer of his colony.

Juries loved to hang upon his words, and often were to be seen, open-mouthed, gaping, carried out of themselves by the passion of his eloquence, by his subtle knowledge of human feelings, and of natures.

No wretch that dreaded a judge dreaded applying to Seyton Synnot for counsel; his only faults, a careless disregard for book law, and a too great fondness for addressing a jury.

As he fingered the missive again, vestiges of the past he loved to dwell in rose up before him—these student days; that close little boarding-house; his fellow-student and boarder, Bert Neville—Bert, who had been his senior only by a few years, his superior only in point of wealth.

He himself was rich now, but what was the value of money to him!—at forty, a bachelor of regular habits, with no one to spend it on, or even to waste it on—what did he care for money now! When, as he muses to himself, he says: "At twenty I would have sold my soul to have the wealth I now possess."

The letter, however, is opened again, and sadly, with many pauses, it is re-read for the second or third time.

"Poor old fellow!" he comments, "so he had to call me 'dear old man,' even on his dying bed."

"Dear old man," the reader began, in a low, sweet voice,—"By the time you are dreamily opening this letter of mine, in your old manner, I, your old friend, the old Bert Neville, will be beyond an answer.

"I write thus, for my instructions to my executors are to forward this letter to you, at my death."

Then the writer told of his great suffering; how he had long been expecting death; that his time had been alloted to him—so many days, no more; then writing of his daughter, the reader read, with moistened eyes:

"I know, my old friend, you will look after her—I know it. I need not speak of why—for have we not shared eighteen years sorrowing over the same sorrow? Have we not grieved together? Therefore, I feel sure—safe in trusting my Etta to your care.

"Poor child! she needs your friendship. I have been all she has had since her early childhood. And now—but enough of this. Dear friend, good bye! As there is a God in heaven, I shall hope to meet you again. Your friendship, and Etta's love, have been as sunlight on my darkened path. God grant that Etta may lighten your gloom, as she has brightened mine."

A few more passionate phrases and the letter closed, signed in a scribbling hand, "Bert Neville."

"Poor old Bert!" escaped from the lips of the reader. "cancer on the tongue! My God! what a horrible death! Poor old fellow! You were the one that gained everything,—and yet, you lost as much! Which, after all, of us two, has been the happier? You had happiness for a day, but when the sun went down you lived in twilight ever after. Whereas, on me the sun but rose to shine, for gloom was my inheritance before the sun went down. Bert! Bert! you are right; friendship and love are sunlight on the paths of men.

"Poor child," continued the speaker, "your life has been saddened, you have lost much that you loved. Yes! yes! I will do all I can, all—I—can—for such as you."

Then the head reclined once more, well back, in the arm chair, and the dreamer was once more back in the land of dreams; but two things had been decided—everything should be got ready for Etta, and he, himself, would go and meet her.

And so it happened, a few days later, on a bright September evening before the sky and the water had yet grown cold, while the many hues of warm tints that suffused the one in reflecting upon the mirrowy surface of the other, seemed to warm the very depths of the latter by its own most gorgeous coloring, amid the gloaming of a day like this Seyton Synnot drove down through the crowded city to the station by the water's edge, to fulfil his self-made promise.

Lightly he stepped from the driving seat of his handsome wagonette and entered the station.

As he paced up and down the platform waiting for the express from New York, now stopping for a moment to exchange a few words with an acquaintance, now nodding in reply to the numerous nods directed towards him, the eminent Q. C. did not give the impression of a man passing by the shady side of forty.

The train, so long expected, at length arrived; the passengers descended and ascended, and yet no tall fair girl with blue eyes was to be seen.

"Plenty of blondes and many brunettes—pretty too!" thought the searcher, as he peered through the crowd at each one, but none could be Etta.

And so the Pullman car was gone through, and the now anxious lawyer argued with himself as to whether Etta could have lost the train or not; that perhaps he had better wait for the next train, and that Joe had better put the horses up; and so Joe was forthwith started for; but scarcely had he reached the outside of the station again and caught a view of his carriage, than with a sudden reel, Mr. Seyton Synnot fell in a dead faint into the arms of a porter who had noticed the shock and seen the start in time to catch the falling man.

The faint that Mr. Synnot had seemingly fallen into so deeply, proved but momentary and Etta's efforts were soon rewarded; the eyelids quivered, then the eyes opened, the lips moved, and Etta quickly anticipating the faint man's wants, put the flask of brandy she had with her to his lips.

A short pause, during which time color had again returned to the so lately pallid lips, and the temporary invalid apologized in a whisper, and then in answer to a carefully veiled inquiry, said, "Yes! I took you for your mother! We were great friends, you know, and I never saw her since she left here on her wedding day. But come, we must get home or Mrs. Grafton will eat my head off, and as she is my housekeeper the result might be disastrous to our dinner."

So the horses were again in use, and between the air and the pretty girl the driver was soon himself again; it was a long drive home, but to Etta everything was so new that she scarcely noticed the distance, or indeed the conversation and questions as to her voyage with which her driver favored her.

The firs of the old homestead of some bygone family, the home now of the popular Q. C., delighted her, and after having stroked the necks of the bays on alighting, she was ready to be introduced to Mrs. Grafton, widow, ruler of The Firs, who was standing, waiting for what to her meant a very important ordeal, both social and personal.

And now at last Etta was settled in her new home. Dinner was over, the piano, especially ordered for her, being tried, and once more Seyton Synnot, Q.C., sat in the library of his house dreaming.

This time, however, the past was undergoing the enactment of being buried, the future was being fast colored into glowing pictures, and in the centre of every picture one figure stood out. In years gone by, just such a one had been his day-dream, then his ideal, snatched from him by the decree of fate, or perhaps, as he had often thought in years since, his pride and poverty had been too close friends, and had in their confidence lost him his happiness between them. Perhaps it had been so—his fault—but now a glorious future rose up before him, intoxicating in its hopes; his ideal had returned to him, and he was free—free as the very air.

A look of great happiness and intense contentment stole over the enraptured dreamer's face.

The past was dead and forgotten, and thoughts, otherwise than of fame, strengthened the new-born motive in the mind of him who had so lately dwelt within the past.

For a time the dreamer of twilight dreams was left in silence, save for the ticking of the clock—the old-fashioned clock that piled the corner—and the falling of the ashes into the fire place, till a clear, gentle rap at the door behind the curtains and a "May I come in?" broke like an awakening spell upon the monotony.

"What! Thinking of saying 'good night!' Nonsense! It's but early yet, and you have not spoken to me of your voyage," and the pretty Etta was half-pushed, to be half buried, in the folds of the large arm chair the speaker had risen from when he opened the door.

Half-reluctantly, seemingly, Etta spoke of her trip and the hundred and one little things that happened to her on the way.

She felt tired, but when she noticed the interest she had aroused in her father's friend she chatted on brightly; and under the influence of a cross-questioning that was almost habitual, revealed to her examiner, who at first had been merely interested—then fascinated, three facts:

1. That she had enjoyed her voyage.
2. That a young man had been cause of enjoyment.
3. That young man in question had been a Mr. Davenport.

Soon the late witness in the cross examination found herself after having first of all tried to feel interested herself, trying to interest her cross-examiner, then to please him, to rob that smile of his of some of its sadness—a sadness that seemed to grow under her very eye—much she felt she would give to be able to call up one happy smile. But no, she could not, for when he rose in his chivalrous grace to hold the door apart for her to pass through, his looks, his words seemed but a part of melancholy, and he himself called back to her memory, with his courtly manner, and gentle way, ill-fated Charles, the martyr king.

"Good-night!" he murmured to himself, as he closed the door. "Aye! it is good-night for me, and ever will be. Yet I am happy, for I do all I can for this child, and by God's aid I will truly and justly do so.

"I, Seyton Synnot, make no oath and say"—and as if to add solemnity to his self-declaration, he reverently picked a bible up from a shelf close by, and opening it, kissed its leaves—"Davenport, then, is to have her. He is a man after my own heart; I will not stand between them!"

. . . . . .

Days rolled by, and George Davenport of Synnot & Davenport, junior partner of the great Queen's Counsel, became a constant visitor at The Firs. It was natural enough that it should be so, and the senior partner of the firm of barristers pressed his lips tighter, and talked cynically of his gray hair.

True, Etta had told him one day that loneliness always made a man cynical; but he had answered that lonely men had but two choices: sentiment or cynicism. That cynicism was the least painful of the two—to others, as well as to himself.

Then she had replied: "It is a clear choice between good and evil, for sentiment is surely good!" And the cynic had said, for his astuteness had told him the bitter end was not far off:

"Yes, dear," so low it was scarcely audible. "It is good, and it is the right of the young."

Again once more, the head of gray hair rests in the great arm chair; the gray eyes, so full of tenderness and light, were looking in all their strength, into the face of the fair, fair girl.

Her face was so happy, and her manner so bright; and her white teeth showed so prettily through her red lips, as she sat on the stool beside the lawyer's chair. And the sad, gray eyes seemed hungry in their look, as they asked at the same time as the tongue of the speaker:

"And you promised—to—marry him?"

And Etta, heedless in her pleasure, went on: "He told me he loved me so, and that he had seen I cared for him—"

"Then you accepted him?" pleaded the care-worn enquirer.

"No, I didn't! I didn't!"

"Then, what on earth—so you refused him?"

"No, I didn't refuse him."

"Then, tell me, child, what you said, for mercy sake!"

"Well"—And the fair face grew contemplative—"I told him, that—that—I had only been flirting with him."

. . . . . .

The hungry eyes grew calm, but in their calmness they told of an utter bewilderment and perplexity.

He had been mistaken in his ideal after all, and human nature was just as fickle as ever. So he mused; until, as he turned, he caught sight of the face beside him, and noting the subtle glamour of the eyes, which almost seemed to be blushing, as they turned towards him, his heart, which just the moment before had grown so still, now gave a great bound, and madly, passionately, beat within him, while a still voice whispered in its tenderest cadence from within his conscience—She is thine!

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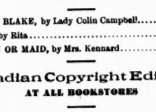

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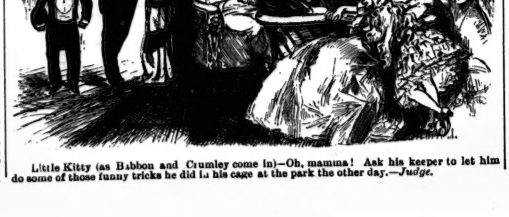

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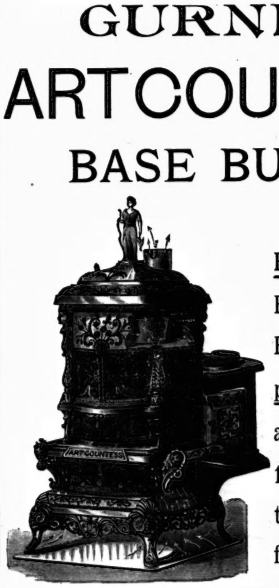

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Two Types of Conductors.

One of my diversions during a wearisome ride on the railway is to observe the conductor, and my conclusions have been that if any individual should possess sweetness of temper and an inexhaustible fund of patience, he is the man. He is one of the most powerful factors in making up the comfort of the passengers. His influence on the few score individuals helplessly incarcerated in a rapidly moving train, all subject to his pertinent enquiries and penetrating punch, is such that he leaves behind him either a long train of irritated sensibilities, or a peaceful influence which acts like a balm on the tired nerves of the traveler. As one star differeth from another in glory, so one conductor differeth from another. There is the conductor whose mission it is to bless, and there is the conductor whose destiny, it seems, is to damn—that is, the comfort of the passengers. One hot afternoon this summer I was in a crowded car as it approached the Bridge. It was full of people who were going to change routes at that point, and who were anxious as to which train to take, when it would leave, and whether they could go forward that night or not. A tall, thin, grey-headed, grey-whiskered, and benevolent-looking man opened the farther door and said, "Tickets, please," in so gentle a tone that one would imagine he was sorry to put people to such unnecessary trouble. He made such happy progress through the car that every body had their tickets out waiting for him. He was plied with questions from almost every seat as to routes, changes and time-tables, all of which he answered with unwavering good-nature, supplementing them with needed information unasked for, and in fact, enquiring the destination of each traveler and pointing out the right course to pursue. Ladies beamed on him with satisfaction, and there was nobody, except the take-care-of-himself commercial, who was not glad that he had come by that train. He was the conductor of Peace.

Another scene. A similar train on another branch of the same railway. The conductor, a big heavy man with shaven face, enters and gruffly demands "Tickets!" and those unfortunate passengers who did not observe him in time to yield up their passports without delay received a punch in the ribs and the admonition to "Hurry up, there!" Near me was seated an old lady with basket and bundle, as fussy and nervous as she well could be. Several times as we drew near a station she enquired if this was "the junction." The conductor punched her ticket and roughly told her to "change cars at Georgetown Junction."

"Can I go on the Hamilton and Northwestern," squeaked the old lady.

"Yis, yees kin go on the Hamilton and Northwestern; I've no objection," snapped his nibs in navy blue. This harsh treatment of a poor, flurried old woman so moved several passengers that she was helped off at the proper place without the help of the conductor of Wrath.

If our observance of the golden rule is partly to determine our destiny, on the day when that conductor's ticket for eternity is taken up one can almost imagine, without being uncharitable, that as he stands before the gate and makes the observation that he "would like to be shown the way to heaven," St. Peter would naively remark as he drew the bolts tighter: "My dear fellow, personally I've no objection to your reaching your destination, but I believe you are at the wrong entrance." PIX.

The Only Genuine Elixir.

The elixir of life sensation, absurd as it was, will not have been useless if it has called attention to the fact that mankind as a rule will grow old long before they should, and that it is possible by forethought and prudence to delay very considerably the period of senile decay. The great majority of men literally "live fast" not necessarily in the worst sense of the term; but they consume unnecessarily the vital forces. Too much work and worry, too much eating and drinking, and too little open air exercise, make many aged at fifty or fifty-five when they should be still fresh and vigorous. The fancied necessity of getting wealthy is probably responsible for more broken down constitutions and deaths from old age in middle life, than even the ravages of dissipation. Even when the overworked business man takes an enforced vacation he does not as a rule know how to enjoy his outing properly. His mind is still running on bills coming due, stock quotations on the price of wheat, and the benefits of recreation are lost. And, after all, how very few reach the goal for which they have struggled so keenly? Health of mind and body and the capacity to enjoy leisure and take an active interest in other matters than dollar-grabbing are worth more than wealth. No prospect of gain ought to tempt any one to sacrifice these to the modern Moloch of business. The man who, when well advanced in years, has good health and unbroken spirits, even if poor, can afford to pity the wealthy but broken down and prematurely aged money-maker who has, as the world calls it, "succeeded in life." The example of Mr. Gladstone ought to be an encouragement to those who wish to preserve their faculties to the last, as showing how a due observance of the laws of health and good living can postpone the evil day of decline. Regular living and the avoidance of all excess furnish the only genuine elixir.

MUSIC

The Lotus Glee Club of Boston has traveled even over the ocean, and has sung in England, meeting with considerable appreciation in the old land. I cannot help saying that, if they sang no better in England than they did in Toronto, on Tuesday evening in Association Hall, English taste is not altogether a criterion of what is elegant and artistic. When I find fault with them, it is not so much on account of their ensemble work as on account of the lack of virile power, and of the inartistic manner of their singing. They sing marvelously well together and they have a beautiful balance of tone, if the word "tone" can be used where that phonic element is reduced to a minimum. In the whole evening there was not one good, healthy forte, such as four young men in a fair state of physical strength should have shown.

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I have noticed this same effeminacy in all American male quartettes that have come under my notice, except those in German singing societies. Everything seems to have been sacrificed to the "polishing down" process. No doubt it is very good and laudable to produce a fine, long-drawn-out pianissimo, but the excellence of quartette singing in its dynamic aspect does not consist of this alone. They should occasionally show that they are men, not mere whispering machines. As the latter musical monstrosities the Lotus Club showed a fine pre-eminence. In addition to this, when solo parts occurred in the quartettes to be sung by the second tenor or basses, the tone was poor and badly produced. The first tenor, or perhaps to speak more properly, the alto, was well kept down and had a pretty, though lady-like tone.

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Then their phrasing was bad. It was jerky and disconnected, especially in a "sacred selection," Shall We Meet, which they sang and which was full of exaggerated rests. Their best numbers were the Three Fishers and Abt's Serenade. The latter was really well sung, but the former suffered by an exaggerated attempt at dramatic effect on the word "mourn," which was produced more as if it were "howl," with the action suited to the words, a result which almost parodied Charles Kingsley's noble words. Their rendition of Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, was no doubt one which would have been clever in a variety entertainment, with its imitation of the banjo, but it was unquestionably meretricious under the circumstances which obtained in such a place as the hall of the Y. M. C. A.

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Their solo singing was poor, with the qualified exception of the basso, Mr. Davis, who has a fine voice, marred by a certain parsimony of tone, as if he were afraid to impart it to the outer air. Still he was the best of them, and gave a fairly acceptable, if somewhat languid, rendering of In Old Madrid. Their presence on the stage was slightly marred by the fact that the baritone was a trifle taller than the basso, and had therefore to stand out of his place at the end of the quartette to preserve the harmony of appearances to the eye. They were supported by Miss Minnie Marshall, a reader, who essayed a scene from Ingomar, in which she gave some ludicrous instances of false emphasis, such as "Do you love *your* husband?" as if the lady who was questioned would naturally be supposed to love some other woman's husband! In speaking the lines of Ingomar, she assumed a position seemingly a cross between a John L. and a laundress, which would indicate that the Barbarian was not altogether a stranger to the art of self-defence, nor yet to the charms of the class which provides man with the comfort of clean linen. In her little humorous pieces, however, she was very happy and very pleasing.

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A much more satisfactory subject is the concert by the combined bands of the Queen's Own and Thirteenth Battalions on Thursday night of last week. The combined bands played splendidly. Their numbers were the Tannhæuser March, the Rosamunde Overture, a selection from Ernani and Meyerbeer's Fackeltanz, in which Messrs. Robinson and Bayley developed a control of their forces, which was really wonderful when it is considered that there was only a short rehearsal for the bands together. All these pieces were well played, only a slight wavering being occasionally noticeable, but the climax was well reached in the last number, which received its first representation in this wise on that occasion. The magnificent unisons were actually thundered forth, and this piece, more than any, contributed to a universal wish that the two bands might be heard together again ere long.

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The Hamilton band well sustained its high reputation by its rendering of the William Tell overture, an arrangement which was new to us here, but which was very effective, while the local band gave a very amusing selection, entitled A Voyage in a Troopship, in which popular airs and the grandeur of a storm at sea vied for popular favor. Mrs. Mackelcan's songs, Angus Macdonald and In Old Madrid, were sung with the expression and pathos that have made this lady so popular in Toronto, and elicited recalls to which she responded by happy renderings of Jessamy Town and a Spanish Song. Mr. Schuch's No Surrender and A Soldier and a Man, were warmly applauded, an encore song being Every Bullet has its Billet.

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Minor musical notes are that Mr. Carl Martens gave a very enjoyable Soiree Musicale at Victoria Hall on Monday evening, at which Miss Marie C. Strong, Miss Ella Cowley, Miss Whitney, Mr. Carl Schmidt and an orchestra assisted. That on Wednesday evening of last week a choral Thanksgiving service was held at All Saints' Church under the direction of Mr. G. H. Fairclough, in which both choir and organist worked most effectively. That Mr. Sims Richards sang before the St. Cecilia Society of Boston on Thursday evening in a manner to win the commendation of both the society and its conductor, Mr. Lang. Mr. Richards, during his stay in Boston, received many compliments on the quality of his voice, and will shortly be among us again. Another noteworthy fact is that Mr. Philip Jacobi has been elected president of the Choral Society. This gentleman has always been an ardent supporter of musical ventures in Toronto, and his assumption of office means a liberal musical policy for the Society. He made his inaugural speech on Tuesday evening, and at once won the favor of the Society by drawing attention to a notice on the walls of the practice-room to the effect that "prayers and addresses would be restricted to three minutes," and by faithfully adhering thereto. The practice of the Society was attended by about one hundred and fifty members, and under Mr. Edward Fisher's direction, Mozart's First Mass and part of Signor D'Auria's cantata, the Sea King's Bride, received a very satisfactory rehearsal.

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The future has in store for us, first on Monday evening, the excellent Boston Symphony Orchestral Club, under the management of J. M. Depew & Co., which will play some novelties, in addition to which we shall hear Mons. Alfred de Seve, violinist to H. R. H. the Princess Lousie; Mr. Richard Stoelzer on an instrument, now comparatively unknown, the viola d' amour; Mr. Fred Lax, the flautist; Mr. Otto Langey, a violoncellist of considerable repute, and Miss Augusta Ohrstrom, a Swedish singer, whose reputation promises us a great treat. On Wednesday evening, Miss Nora Clench makes her formal *debut* before a Toronto audience after her return from Germany, when she will play among other numbers, Ernest's Airs Hongrois, a most difficult composition. She will be assisted by Mme. Fanny Bloomfield, a pianist of considerable American repute, Mme. Moran Wyman, a fine contralto, and Mr. Whitney Mockridge, a tenor whom we are always proud to claim as a Toronto man. Mme. Bloomfield will play a paraphrase on airs from Lucia for the left hand alone, an effort we have not seen in Toronto since the days of Boscowitz some twenty years ago.

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On Thursday, the day of turkeys, we shall have two strong musical attractions. Elm Street Methodist Church, which has long been in the van in the enterprise of securing eminent talent for its concerts, will offer us Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, one of the finest sopranos in America, and Mr. George Parker, a tenor of equal repute, together with the standard forces of the choir. Mrs. Davidson, Miss Scott, Mr. Gorrie and Mr. Blight, with Mrs. Blight at the organ. On the same evening Mr. Schuch will present, on behalf of St. George's Society, a programme headed by Mrs. Agnes Thomson, who will then make her first appearance this season. She will be supported by Miss Annie Langstaff, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. Schuch, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. Giuseppi Dinelli, Mr. J. C. Arlidge, Mr. G. H. Fairclough and the fine choir of the Church of the Redeemer, all of whom will present a distinctively English programme.

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The following week will give us on Monday evening a concert by the Heintzman Band, for which it has secured the great cornet virtuoso, Jules Levy, with his company composed of Mme. Rosa Linde, contralto; Mr. William Winter, and Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, pianist. The Thursday of that week will place before us a concert by the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, under Mr. Schuch's direction, at which will appear Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Charles V. Slocum of Buffalo, Mr. Schuch, Mrs. H. M. Blight and the band of the Queen's Own Rifles; all of which goes to show that Toronto is a decidedly musical city. METRONOME.

The Drama.

On account of this page of SATURDAY NIGHT going to press on Wednesday I am unable this week to make mention of Mr. Mantell's appearance at the Grand Opera House in his new play, The Marble Heart, and in his Shakespearean success, Othello. His romantic play, Monbars, has already been noticed at length in this column. It is the *role* which Mr. Mantell has made us familiar with and which has made him best known to the people of Toronto. Despite the imperfections of Monbars, however, and the frequency of its presentation here, large and appreciative audiences greeted it this week as formerly.

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This I ascribe to the magnetic personality of the star and his brilliant impersonation of the title *role*, rather than to any intrinsic merit of the character itself. The play verges continually on the melodramatic, and in less conscientious and able hands than Mr. Mantell's, would be branded by most critics as being sensational to a degree. The agony begins early in the play and continues almost uninterruptedly to the end. But quickened with the spirit of genius and tempered with its moderation, surrounded with the glamour of a strong mind and the attractive glow of a handsome person, the somewhat inconsistent character of Monbars becomes as enthralling to the spectator as though it bore the magic impress which makes Hamlet and Othello live forever in the minds of men.

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Few men could be found physically more adapted to the impersonation of heroic characters than Mr. Mantell. Tall, straight and muscular, with head well poised on his broad, square shoulders, legs like the Apollo Belvidere and a face approaching the Grecian in contour, an artist would instinctively compare him to the ancient conceptions of the solar deity, and not much to his disfavor. His eye is luminous and expressive, and in the ordinary tones of his voice one hears the reverberation of distant thunders which are not wanting when called upon. Yet his whispers can be heard in the farthest corner of the house. A good bodily presence is almost as necessary to the actors of heroic *roles* as the gift of speech, and in this particular the powers have been unusally favorable to Robert Mantell.

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The company supporting Mr. Mantell is composed principally of the same people who accompanied him last season. Miss Charlotte Behrens takes the principal female character, Diane. This bright young lady, while taking her part with much care and a thorough appreciation of its requirements, possesses one fault which detracts largely from the beauty of her work—that is, the sound made when she takes breath after each sentence. Her reading of her lines is decidedly stagey, while her movements are graceful and free. She seems to have been trained in the melo-dramatic school, and finds it difficult to throw off the tendency to end her sentences on a high note. The Laurent of Mr. Mark Price contains many good touches, but would not suffer if he could modulate his voice at times, so as to make it a little more sympathetic. Mr. Kendall Weston as Louis De Meran, does not improve much, and his acting of that important character leaves a good deal to be desired.

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Mr. H. C. Kennedy's company, presenting The White Slave, is with us again this week at the Toronto Opera House. The White Slave is not quite so old as Uncle Tom's Cabin, as it was evidently from the latter that the gifted author, the late Mr. Bartley Campbell drew his inspiration. But if not quite so old, the mosses of antiquity have long since made their appearance, though the play still draws well enough on the cheap route. The friends of one's boyhood may be seen with pleasure and delight once in a while, but when their visits recur frequently, and when they retail the same old stories, the same old jokes, and the same old songs at each visit, one longs for some "valley in the west," where, free from Uncle Toms, and White Slaves, and all their kind, "the weary soul may rest." The interminable working of these old plays is another instance of the lack of originality I wrote about last week. Good plays, discarded by first class companies, gradually run down, till, in the hands of barn-storming companies, bereft of all their original spirit, they are dinged into the public ear as long as they are capable of making a dollar for a manager. This may be business, but when business becomes the grand object of managers and players, the drama as an art is sure to retrograde. I did not observe that the company playing the White Slave here this week contained any members calculated to scintillate at a much loftier attitude in the dramatic firmament than they now occupy.

"Come in," said Miss Behrens, as I tapped at the door of her parlor in the Rossin House. Accepting the invitation, I found myself in the presence of three women, who appeared to be talking at the same time. One was, of course, the leading lady of the Mantell Company; another was lady number two, and the third was a voluble talker, who was soliciting orders for lace goods. The latter soon departed; Miss Hamblin also left the room. Pointing to half-opened packages of gloves and hose, Miss Behrens told me that she had been shopping—"buying things for my nephews and aunts and cousins," she said, merrily.

"I was born in Brooklyn, though my education was received in California, and I made my *debut* in San Francisco, so I am really a California girl." This was in response to a query as to what particular part of Uncle Sam's domains she called home.

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Miss Behrens declined to express a preference for any one of the three characters she portrays, though she confessed a liking for "emotional parts."

"Do people not tell you that you have an emotional face?" I asked. "Y-e-s," was the hesitating reply, "I must admit that they do." Her face is a study, bespeaking a rugged power of concentration. In conversation she lacks the dash and sparkle which so many actresses affect, and adopts a womanly and tender manner. It may not be natural, but is rather pleasing—perhaps from its scarcity among those whose vocation calls them to face the footlights.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A case which shows the amount of work some players go through to perfect themselves in a part, is Mr. William Harris, Rhea's leading man. He is said to have read all the histories and memoirs ever published about Napoleon Bonaparte, in order to fit himself for that *role* in the new play of Josephine.

In the Dresden (Germany) State Theater it is a breach of discipline for any artist to accept flowers or tokens of admiration or in any other way to recognize the presence of the audience during the performance.

Dion Boucicault and Ben Teal are jointly engaged in play-writing. The copyrights of Boucicault's plays were lately sold at auction in London with the following results: London Assurance brought $785; Flying Scud, $250; Arrah-na-Pogue, $625; The Long Strike, $210; After Dark, $350: Formosa, $270, and the remainder much smaller sums.

The United States taxed Wilson Barrett to the tune of $2,000 for the privilege of bringing his scenery, costumes and properties into that country. He proposes to appeal to the secretary of the treasury on the ground that they were merely his tools of trade.

Boucicault, discussing orchestras in the *Mirror*, says: "Why should music accompany dramatic performances anyway? Is it not a sign that music is not wanted when we see the bands shoved here and there, under the stage and over the stage, and in the wings, and finally in some separate room where they are not seen? In many of the theaters of Europe now they have no orchestras at all, and orchestras were unknown in the formative period of the drama. There is none at the Theatre-Francais."

He Did.

Miss Beacon (of Boston)—Do you never feel an insatiate craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcribe the limitations which hedge mortality, and commune, soul to soul, with the spirits of the infinite?

Omaha Man — Yes. Kinder. — *Harper's Bazaar.*

The Marlborough House Malady.

At the Whippersnapper Club:

Cadley—What aw you witing, old chappie? Deuced long lettaw, bay Jove!

Cubleigh—It's not aw lettaw at all, doncher know. The fact—aw—is, I've got Bwight's disease—aw—and I'm—aw—making my will.

Cadley—Gad, ole fellow, I've just been to aw undawtakaw's to give dwections for maw funewel. I'm in thaw—aw—lawst stages, mawself.

Two Little Elves.

Two tiny, chatt'ring winsome elves
Are with me everywhere,
The first is fair, with stately grace,
And one is dark, with brown-hued face,
And braids of glinting hair.

The name of one is Fancy Free,
Her eyes are tender blue;
But wee Miss Practical's orbs are brown,
At Fancy's freaks sh'll oftimes frown,
And mutter—"Sure to rue."

Gay Fancy's garb is clinging white,
With ribbons, frills and lace;
Her sister elf is clad in gray,
But heart-thoughts over her features play,
And bright's her sober face.

On shopping days Miss Fancy leans,
Whisp'ring with coaxing at:
"This cloth is best—so new and bright,"
But Practical holds it to the light,
And says "I fear 't won't wear."

Miss Fancy speaks of man I know,
As jolly and kind and gay;
She praises a voice, a smile or eyes,
But Practical asks in a tone so wise,
"Will he mean the half he'll say."

And when the world looks dark and gray,
When people seem cross and blue,
Miss Fancy moans, "O, 'tis a shame,"
But Practical cries, "They're not to blame,
The rest are right—it's you!"

—FRANCES BURTON CLARK.

Plighting.

For Saturday Night.

A rippling wave upon the sea,
A moon-beam chaste and cold,
Clasped hands and plighted troth to-night,
Wish vows that ne'er grow old.

Ah! but the wave was a happy swain,
Ah! but the moon-beam coy,
While the fair stars watched once again
O'er love's fond fleeting joy.

For another wooer sought the moon,
And she's but a fickle jade,
So he wrapt her close in his dark embrace,
And his fierce wild homage paid.

. . . . . .

The moon sleeps yet in her cloud love's arms,
The dark wave sobs alone,
'Tis thus are plighted lover's vows,
Then lightly overthrown. C. G. B.

Having the Last Word.

For Saturday Night.

We've just had a few words,
My little wife and I,
A practice which we oft indulge
When no one else is by.

And, come to think of it,
The day that we were wed
We had a few, and every day
Since then, one word has led

To more, though twenty years
Are numbered with the past,
We both have tried, with might and main,
Which one would have the last.

"A dog's life" do you say?
Well, hardly that, he'd be
A very happy dog indeed,
That could compare with me.

You'd wish that you were dead,
Rather than Fate should bring
To you a lifetime such as mine,
Of constant quarreling.

Ah! well, now, come. Who said
A word of quarreling?
She's all that's sweet, and kind, and good,
And still my darling.

We've just had a few words,
As I remarked above;
But, bless you, they have only been
As always—words of love.

SEVERN BRIDGE, Oct. 29, 1889. REV. J. SMILEY, M.A.

The Father to His Boy.

Come hither, William John, my son, come hither to my knee,
We'll sit and watch the river take its journey to the sea,
And as the water rolls along I fain would talk awhile,
Since I have heard thy youthful soul is lately steeped in guile;

They tell me that you want to be a humorist, and write
For papers, grinding out your jests at morning, noon and night;
To tell of candies made of clay and other jokes as dark—
Alas, my son, old Noah sprung each chestnut in the ark!

You'll tell about the wretched man who long with stove-pipes toils,
And say the mother-in-law is fit for stratagems and spoils;
And to the cat that sings at night you columns will devote,
And bubble o'er with humor when you're speaking of the goat

That breaks its fast with circus bills and scraps of rusty tin,
And boil with mirth when speaking of the tramp who's soaked with gin,
And gets a dose of thirty days—oh, William Johnnie, hark!
Old Noah rang the bell on such when sailing in the ark.

Of course, about the setting hen you'll speak in ecstasy—
That brooding fowl has always been to humorists a glee;
And then the poet with his rhymes who climbs the printer's stair,
And lands upon the sidewalk with a look of dull despair;
And looking to the future, son, you well I can descry
Propounding such a thing as this: "What makes the bottle-fly?"

Or telling of the nurse and "cop" a-courting in the park—
Old Noah wept when gags like these were given in the ark.

We'll sit beside the river, son, and watch its rapid flow,
And if you do not change your mind, we rapidly shall go
To where there hangs a beaten strap within our humble call,
And I shall gently take it down—shall take it from the wall;
And those who live within three blocks ere we have done our quarrel,
Will think I'm simply pounding in the heading of a barrel;
And if they any questions ask I'll say it's just a lark
With one that wants to spring the gags that sounded in the ark. —*Omaha Republican.*

A Desperate Man.

Bagley had called on fifteen landlords, all of whom objected to leasing him their houses because he had children. At last he became desperate and resolved to have a house at any cost.

"Well," he said to landlord number sixteen, "I guess I'll take this place."

"Pardon me, sir," said the landlord, "but have you any children?"

"Yes:" sighed Bagley, "but I'll kill them." —*Judge.*

Noted People.

Prof. John Stuart Blackie of Edinburgh attains his 80th birthday this year.

The King of Bavaria receives an income of $1,000 000 a year from the profits of the Hofbrauhaus brewery.

Ellison's hair is rapidly becoming gray, and he attributes it to the fact that he was said to have been made an Italian count.

Emperor William has prohibited the use of the word cigar, on account of its French origin. In future the fragrant weed is to be known in Germany by the excruciatingly Teutonic word of Glimmstengel.

John Burns, the English socialistic leader who managed the great strike of the London dockmen, is a relative of the late Robert Burns. In appearance he resembles the dead poet so strongly as to cause general comment.

A biographer of David Bennett Hill recalls the fact that the bachelor governor was never fond of the girls. He has always avoided their society, and he has been known to walk around a block to avoid meeting one.

It is not generally known that there are in existence some very spirited ballads by Lord Macaulay, which, in accordance with the author's wish, have never been published. The best of them relates the story of Bosworth field.

When the Pope recently received a letter from Harvard University in acknowledgment of some presents which he had sent it, he read the communication out aloud, slowly, and expressed his admiration of the classical Latin in which it was written.

Gov. Lee of Virginia has a letter from Lord Wolseley, saying he will attend the unveiling of the monument to Gen. Robert E. Lee in Virginia early in December unless something unforseen prevents. This is in response to an invitation. Jefferson Davis will also attend, and Lord Wolseley and Mr. Davis will be the lions of the occasion.

Sir Edwin Arnold is credited with saying that a man who is careful about his dress will be careful about his habits, and will not engage in any proceeding that would cast a stain upon his reputation. So many exceptions to this will readily occur to everyone, that it is doubtful if Sir Edwin expressed such a sentiment without qualification.

Truth says there is a marvellous thaw in the rigidity of Balmoral life when the Queen actually allows the ball room of the castle to be converted into a theater, with a stage and appliances arranged by people from Aberdeen, specially painted scenery, representing views on Deeside, and an orchestra from Aberdeen. The piece was Used Up, and Princess Beatrice played Lady Clutterbuck.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie denies the story that weary of waiting for the Pittsburg Councilmen to accept his offer of a free library, he had appointed a citizens' committee of his own. Mr. Carnegie says: "I am not weary of waiting. On the contrary, I am as patient as Job." A man waiting for a present of $750,000 to be accepted suggests a new design for an emblem of patience.

During their visit to Constantinople, the German Emperor and Empress are staying at the famous White Palace. It occupies a delightful site within the demesne of the Yildiz Kiosk, with terraced gardens sloping to the Bosphorus, where two barges (one rowed by twenty-four black Nubians, in scarlet satin uniforms; the other by twenty four Greeks, in blue silk, with red and gold caps), and a steam launch will be at the disposal of their majesties.

The Queen of Roumania, whose pen name is Carmen Sylva, has a romantic history. She was born Princess of Weid, a small Rhine principality, and her early life was one unceasing course of study. In 1869 she married Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who was made ruler of Roumania. She applied herself to the study of the language and interested herself in her people, thus winning their love and loyalty. The loss of her little daughter—her only child—was a great grief to the Queen, and her whole life has been saddened by her bereavement.

One who recently visited Whittier at his home, "Oak Knoll," Danvers, Mass., speaks with quiet conviction of his goodness of heart and kind, simple manner. A Scotch collie named Robin Adair lay on the hearth rug. On the table stood a glass of blue gentians, and a wood fire brightened the pleasant sitting-room in which the visitor waited while other callers took leave of the venerable poet. His study is a small room, with a desk scattered over with papers. Portraits of Emerson, John Bright, and the Emperor of Brazil adorn the walls. The window overlooks the spot where a minister was hanged for a wizard, and the cemetery where an Indian girl concerned in witchcraft is buried. "That was long ago," said Whittier, "but see," pointing to a horseshoe hanging above his door, "that is to keep the witches away." This last was with a little laugh, for the writer of the quaintly-worded Quaker poems, the stirring records of historical events, and the dear home scenes, has yet a twinkle of merriment in his eye, though he has reached the good old age of fourscore.

To the younger generation the name of Ricord has no particular significance. To maturer readers, it brings to mind one of the greatest of specialists, whom thousands of persons journeyed to Paris to meet, twenty and thirty years ago, and who was summoned in consultation whenever the Emperor Napoleon and the crowned heads of Europe discovered that the divine right of kings offered them no protection against maladies that afflicted alike sailor and sultan. Ricord, who died in Paris the other day, was, as most people will be surprised to learn, an American by birth. He was a native of Charleston, descended from the old Huguenot stock, and he came into the world with the century. His vast and gloomy *hôtel* in the Rue de Tournon witnessed, morning, afternoon and evening, an endless procession of wretched mortals. All around the doctor's consulting-room were tiny ante-chambers, for no one of Ricord's patients cared to meet another. Ushered into the sacred presence, the visitor beheld a small and, of late, aged and decrepit man, who questioned him, submitted him to a brief examination, and gave his decision with the laconism and certainty of science. On a table near by lay a black velvet cushion, and on this—and sometimes in a porcelain jar—the patient dropped the regulation 20 franc piece, which represented the minimum consultation fee. When the caller's face and manner pleased the Æsculapius, he would chat with him a few minutes and show the stranger some choice pictures adorning the walls. But, as a rule, Dr. Ricord in his cabinet attended strictly to business. If he has left any memoirs, what strange stories they may tell of imperial and royal intrigues, begun amid all the splendor of passion and ended in suffering and death!

The Bells of Lynne.

The night is falling, the north wind blows,
It bitterly blows over marsh and lea;
The plowman clings to his cap as he goes,
And the curlew tilts in the spume of the sea.

But far and faint, and sweet and thin,
Oh, hear the bells from the old gray town,
The ancient, red-roofed city of Lynne,
That lies where the winding hills come down!

As oft as the bitter winds are blown,
The smiting winds, from the fields of snow,
So often the bells of Lynne float down
To the dunes and the desolate wastes below.

As oft as the human heart is torn
By the pain of loss, by the strife of sin,
So oft are the bells of heaven borne
O'er the sobbing wastes, like the bells of Lynne.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

'Varsity Chat.

Mr. K. C. McIlwraith, who used to lend a charm to the classical class of '90, and who was compelled by uncertain health to discontinue his studies for a year, has gone into medicine.

A meeting was announced for last Tuesday afternoon to discuss the control of the 'Varsity. It was expected that representatives of the company would be present to make an offer to the undergraduates but none appeared. The matter is consequently in a somewhat indefinite state at present. The lack of interest in the college paper among undergraduates is one of the most discouraging facts which a public-spirited collegian has to face. Only few ever seemed to take pride in the paper, and that, too, when pride would have had a most adequate justification. Now that its existence is threatened, there are equally few to lend a sustaining hand.

All this means that the majority take a fatally narrow view of college life. It is not the fact, *per se*, that we shall, perhaps, have no college paper, which is most to be regretted, but the other and more important fact, that the spirit and unselfish energy which are necessary for the success of a college paper and other college institutions are seen to be wanting. If men at college will not support a paper or a literary society, I cannot see where patriotism is to come in.

The class of '93 met this week for the purpose of organizing. A constitution was adopted and the election of officers postponed till next Tuesday afternoon. There seems to be considerable ability in the year.

Mr. G. Silverthorn, M.B., '89, has taken his departure for Germany where he will study for two years. "Gid's" many friends wish him unqualified success.

A motion is on the table in the Literary Society to the effect that a memorial be sent to the class of '92 requesting its executive to dispense with literary programmes at their class meetings. It is claimed that the said programmes consume energy which would otherwise be expended in the society of societies, the Literary Society. Apart from the constitutionality of the motion which is, at least, questionable, it looks like an attempt to legislate water up hill so to speak. If this well-meaning motion is carried it will be in order to censure the class of '91 for holding a dinner on Friday evening.

The Glee Club moves on in its own harmonious way. It has never been more efficient than during the last two years under Mr. Schuch, that is, speaking from an artistic standpoint. But so far it has failed to perform its other function of popularizing college choruses. Time was when from sundry lecture rooms the sweet voices of waiting students floated out on the breeze and across the campus. But old things have passed away. Tune up, gleemen.

Disturbances of gigantic proportions have taken place several times of late between meds. and arts men in the west end lecture room. There is nothing intrinsically objectionable in these good-natured scuffles, but there is danger that ill-feeling may be aroused between students of the two faculties—a consummation devoutly not to be wished.

Mr. W. H. Mulligan, a med., won the championship at the recent sports, and men of all classes heartily applauded him. The sports themselves, in spite of the unfavorable weather, were a decided success. Much credit is due to the committee for the happy result of their labor of love. The fatigue race, which is a new feature, was an unusually attractive event. It might be described, without reflecting on the contestants, as a donkey race.

Mr. J. W. Scane, '91, of football fame, has deserted his *alma mater* for McGill. He will study medicine.

NEMO.

A Result of Rapid Social Evolution.

James D. Phelan, a Californian, is one of the characters of San Francisco, says New York *Truth*. Whether his first steps up the ladder of opulence were taken with a hod on his shoulder I don't know, but he became a contractor and then a money-lender. Now he owns whole blocks of business buildings on Market street, the principal thoroughfare, and lives in about the handsomest mansion in San Francisco. It is situated on Valencia street, and it came into his possession by the foreclosure of one of his hundreds of mortgages. Among the attractions of the place are sundry pieces of statuary set up here and there on the lawns. Occasionally James, the elder, lightens the burdens of life by taking a glass of Irish whiskey. It is related that when he had been a short time in possession of his captured palace Mr. Phelan set down his glass one evening, threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, spat on his hands, remarked "Hurroo!" and marched forth to the lawn. There he proceeded to break his venerable knuckles on the Apollo Belvedere, cursing the while in an able manner.

"Good gracious, James," a female voice cried from the drawing-room window, "phwhat the devil are yez at!"

"Phwhat am I at, is it?" roared Mr. Phelan, getting in a smasher on Apollo's breakfast, "Sure it's two months this feily's been here, an' divil a cint av rint have he paid!"

Mr. Phelan, notwithstanding his millions, adheres to the toilet of earlier and humbler years. This leads occasionally to embarrassment. Business called him East a few years ago. He filled his pipe and engaged the company in the smoker as to the resources of the country they were passing through. He was the last to retire to rest.

"I don't like the looks of that old fellow," said the conductor to one of the passengers who was honored with his acquaintance. "He'll do to keep an eye on." And for two nights the porter sat sleepless on a stool, watching the berth of the honest millionaire, to seize him should he crawl out and attempt to hunt for wallets under pillows.

Astonishes the Natives.

The natives of tropical countries are seldom so much astonished as when they are first introduced to snow and ice. The congealing of water is a phenomenon they are slow to comprehend. A few months ago Sir William Mc. Gregor enticed several New Guinea natives to the hitherto unscaled summit of Mount Owen Stanley, the loftiest peak in British Australasia. On its barren summit, nearly a thousand feet above the zone of vegetation, big icicles were found, greatly to the amazement of the natives, who were much startled when they touched them, and insisted that their fingers had been burned.

A year ago, when Mr. Ehlers ascended Mount Kilima Njaro, in Africa, his native porters, who had lived all their lives near the base of the great mountain, pulled off the boots with which they had been provided as they approached the snow line and plunged merrily into the snow in their bare feet. They lost no time in plunging out again, and lay writhing on the ground, insisting that their feet had been severely burned. Some of the Central African natives who have been introduced into Germany mistook last winter the first snow storm they saw for a flight of white butterflies. Lieut. Von Francois says the mistake was a very natural one. One day when he was ascending a tributary of the Congo he saw for the first time the air filled with a great storm of white butterflies, and he says the spectacle closely resembled a gentle fall of snow.

The seductive summer drink, so popular in our latitude during the dog days, produces upon the untutored savage when first brought under his notice as unpleasant an effect as an unexpected electric shock. King Dinah of West Africa has been of the recent sightseers in Paris. An attempt was made one day to explain to him the nature of ice by introducing him to an ice drink. The usual sensation greatly startled his Majesty, and he dashed the cooling draught on the floor as soon as he had tasted it.

It is said that our Alaskan Eskimos think the weather is uncomfortably sultry when the temperature is at the freezing point, while the Central African shivers in great distress in a temperature of sixty degrees above zero.—*New York Sun.*

Pompeiian Excavations.

The excavations at Pompeii go on all the year round, though the number of laborers employed depends chiefly on the fees obtained from visitors, as the State subsidy for the work is but trifling. To keep up the reputation of the place the authorities always have a freshly discovered chamber in stock, so to speak, for the portions of undiscovered Pompeii occupy a larger space than does the excavated part. When a great find of antiquities takes place the excavated place is carefully, but loosely, covered over with gravel and earth to the extent of a foot, and when any royal personage or famous traveler visits Pompeii, he is led to suppose that the men, who are with a great show of energy digging up the loose gravel, are excavating in the spot, and revealing the buried antiquities for the first time.

The Chinese of some remote epoch are supposed to have invented cards and the practice of cheating thereat. Recent excavations which are going on slowly but surely at Pompeii, show that the Romans used not only to play at dice—which we knew already—but also to cheat at the game. During the excavations a room was discovered in which the occupants had evidently been surprised at a game of hazard, or some other dice game. The dice, owing to the hard substance of which they were composed, were as good as the day they were thrown, and, strange to say, two of them were found to be loaded.—*N. Y. Truth.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

WILLY REILLY, Woodstock.—"Louis," not "Louise," was answered in last week's issue. So your interrogation mark after "her" is absolutely valueless—is it not? Are you sure it was not one of the "boys" who dared you? You are self-willed, endowed with a liberal amount of the spirit of mischief, and are witty, decided and apt to be jealous.

DOC., Hulburton, N. Y.—Sympathetic, generous, decided and prompt in action; apt to please yourself regardless of consequences. It evinces also sense of honor and warmth of attachment.

O. T. MALONE, City.—Witty, impulsive and prone to disregard advice. Your writing indicates also ambition, with a lack of that perseverance necessary to the fulfilment of it.

FALLING LEAVES, Ottawa.—You are controlled by your head, not your heart; are reserved, energetic, yet show power of passionate attachment and fervor of imagination.

SAMANTHA, Toronto.—Artistic taste, good nature, energy, warmth of attachment. Inclined to consider well before taking any important step.

BERTHA M., Galt.—If your lover is deficient in courtesy towards you, you may be sure he will not alter for the better after marriage. Any lack of regard for the establish'd conventionalities shows a want of respect, and a shortcoming of a rude nature. You can easily alter the back drapery. Take it off and cut it shorter, for it will look much better plain. Your suggestion of a mahogany hat trimmed with black plumed tips is an excellent one. Have two fronts made for your dark green dress—one matching it and one of a lighter shade, or pale yellow, whichever you prefer. Your writing shows caution, kindliness, mirth and perseverance.

FAIRY, Jarvis street.—Your first question is a very silly one, Fairy. How on earth can I tell how you will know you are in love. True regard is not like measles, sure to be preceded by unsightly symptoms. My own opinion—and I do not claim to be an authority on such a matter—is that you will be pretty sure to be able to decide that very delicate question your own little self. As to fascination—some people are so unpleasantly attractive that you will be influenced by them no matter how long you have known them. You are quick in moving, quick to comprehend, and just as quick tempered too. Bashful? think you are variable in your likes and dislikes. Your friend's writing shows an amiable disposition, prudence and courage.

MATRONA, Toronto.—Not during the same season. To return a courtesy as quickly by a similar one looks too much like "fair exchange." There are many ways in which one can make known the appreciation of a gift without a direct return. Your writing shows love of order, refinement, and tendency to exaggeration.

TIMID, Belleville.—The young lady is certainly in the wrong. It should be a great satisfaction to her to know that you are perfectly gentlemanly in your demeanor towards all ladies. Perhaps though you misunderstand her. Such trifling things so often ruin friendships, that I would advise you to be cautious and not wear an offended air. I trust it will all come right.

BOY BLUE, St. Catharines.—Read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Shakespeare. One should not confine one's reading to the works of to-day, though they certainly should have their share of attention. Histories aid you in acquiring a fund of general information. Do not allow words which you do not understand to escape you. Hunt them down with a dictionary. This is a sure way of enlarging a vocabulary, and if you follow this system thoroughly you will be surprised to see how often you will meet the very words you "hunted to the earth." Your writing shows sensitiveness, a reserved temperament and some ambition, but you must persevere in all things you undertake. There is no "luck." People generally work for all they get, and if they do not pay for it in work they pay for it in some other way, you may be sure.

Unfilial.

Mrs. Bendrix—I d-don't know what I shall do, d-doctor, if anything happens. Such an interesting child; and growing to be a perfect image of his father.

Little Ned (with a slight attack of the measles)—I guess you needn't bother to give me any medicine, doc. I think I'd prefer to die.—*Judge.*

Modern Children.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, in the current number of *Chambers' Journal*, has passed severe judgment upon the rising generation of boys and girls, whom she attacks with a sarcastic vehemence suggesting the well-worn metaphor of breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. According to description, the young people of to-day are self-opinionated, ill-mannered cubs, upon whom the higher education seems chiefly to have had the effect of making them dissatisfied with themselves and extremely unpleasant to other people. I cannot agree with Mrs. Lynn Linton on this point. The young folks have their faults, and so had their fathers and mothers; but I think it is distinctly unfair to denounce them as discourteous, conceited prigs because, by reason of the march of progress, they are being educated on different lines to their parents. "The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," but surely it is far-fetched to deduce from this fact the gradual disappearance of wisdom of conduct, good taste, and refinement of feeling. It is true our boys and girls are freer in speech and manners than the children of previous generations, but we have purposely quickened the action of their brains and unfettered them from the cumbrous conventionalities of the past, and I may even go so far as to say that at the present rapid rate of educational advancement it is more than probable that the youth of the present day do know a great deal more than their progenitors. But whether or no parents agree with this view, I am sure they will all stoutly deny that their sons and daughters are ill-mannered prigs, for that casts reflection upon their own tact in training their offspring.

We have very recently been reminded that exactly a century has elapsed since the death of the author of that extraordinary work, Sandford and Merton. It was on this book, and books of the same improving class, that the minds of children were trained—save the mark!—a generation or two ago. Can Mrs. Lynn Linton seriously believe that boys and girls nourished on such worthless literary food were allowed a fair chance of intellectual growth, or that priggishness of a far more objectionable type was not fostered by the sickly self-satisfaction of the model Harry, or by the conybook platitudes of that insufferable bore, Mr. Barlow? The children of to-day are, fortunately, emancipated from the tyranny of such mind enfeebling rubbish as the book to which I have referred; and it is surely better that they should err in being a little too nearly abreast of their elders in knowledge and *savoir faire* than that they should be crushed down by modern Mr. Barlows—male or female—into vapid, idealess puppets—the model children of the Sandford and Merton era.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

Ancient Holy Wine.

In the wonderful wine cellar under the Hotel de Ville in Bremen there are twelve casks of holy wine, each case inscribed with the name of one of the Apostles. This ancient wine was deposited in its present resting place 265 years ago. One case of this wine, consisting of five oxhoffs of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix-dollars in 1624. Including the expense of keeping up the cellar, interest on the original outlay and interests upon interests, one of those oxhoffs would to-day cost 555,657,640 rix-dollars; three single bottles, 2,273,812 rix-dollars; a glass, or the eighth part of a bottle, is worth 340,476 rix-dollars or $272,380, or at the rate of 540 rix-dollars or $272 per drop.

An Easy Solution.

Edith—Oh, dear, I don't know what to do with myself!

Jack—Give yourself to me.

Homœopathetic.

Brown (who has just passed the box)—How do you like these cigars, old man?

Jones—At very long intervals, thanks.—*Puck.*

Purely a Matter of Sentiment.

"May I see you alone for a few minutes Mr. Allcash?"

"Certainly, Mr. Hardup. Is it on a matter of business?"

"No, sir. Merely a matter of sentiment. I wish to ask for the hand of your daughter."—*Time.*

Many Work at this Business.

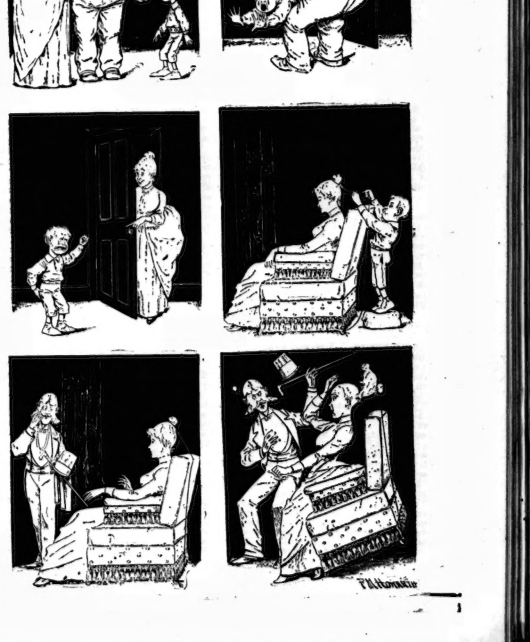
"Cumso," said Fangle, "what is Jay Smith doing for a living now?"

"A contractor."

"Ah! In what line?"

"Debts."—*Time.*

The Tell-Tale Sister, a Severe Chastisement and An Awful Revenge.



A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER III.

At that moment a heavy step was heard in the hall, a hand fumbled with the lock of the door. Miss Vane glanced apprehensively at Hubert.

"He is there," she said—"he is coming in. The London papers will arrive in half an hour. Hubert, don't leave him to learn the news from the papers or from his London lawyer."

"What harm if he did?" muttered Hubert; but, before Miss Vane could reply, the door was opened and the General entered the room.

He was a tall white haired man, with a stoop in his shoulders which had not been perceptible a year before. His finely-cut features strongly resembled those of his sister's, but there was some weakness in the slightly receding chin, some hint of irresolution in the lines of the handsome mouth, which could not be found in Leonora Vane's expressive countenance. The General's eyes were remarkably fine, clear and blue as sea water or the sky, but their expression on this occasion was peculiar. They had a wild, wandering, irresolute look which impressed Hubert painfully. He rose respectfully from his chair as the old man came in; but for a moment or two the General gazed at him unrecognizingly.

"Hubert has come for a moment or two the day with us, Richard," said Miss Vane.

"Hubert! Oh, yes, Hubert Lepel!" murmured the General, as if recalling a forgotten name. "Florence Lepel's brother—a cousin of ours, I believe? Glad to see you, Hubert," said the General, suddenly awakening, apparently from a dream. "Did you come down this morning? From London or from Whitminster?"

"From London, sir."

"Oh, yes—from London! I thought perhaps that you had been—the General's voice sank to a husky whisper—"to see that fellow get his deserts. Hush—don't speak of it before Leonora; ladies should not hear about these things, you know!" He caught Hubert by the sleeve and drew him aside. "The execution was to be this morning; did you not know?" he said, fixing his wild eyes upon the young man's paling face. "Eight o'clock was the hour; it must be over by now. Well, well—the Lord have mercy upon his sinful soul!"

"Amen!" Hubert muttered between his closed teeth. Then he seemed to make a violent effort to control himself—to assume command over his kinsman's disordered mind. "Come, sir," he said—"you must not think like that. Think no more of that wretched man. You know there was a chance—a loophole. Some people were not convinced that he was guilty. There have been petitions signed by hundreds of people, I believe, to the Home Secretary for mercy."

"Mercy—mercy!" shouted the General, his pale face growing first red and then purple from excitement. "Who talks of mercy to that ruffian? But Harbury—shaming the Home Secretary for the time being—'Harbury will stand firm; Harbury will never yield! I would take my oath that Harbury won't give in! Such a miscarriage of justice was never heard of! Don't talk to me of it! Harbury knows his duty; and the man has been punished—the man is dead!"

Hubert's voice trembled a little as he spoke. "The man is not dead, sir," he said.

The General turned upon him fiercely.

"Was not this morning fixed for the—is this not the twenty-fifth?" he said. "What do you mean?"

There was a moment's silence, during which he read the answer to his question in Hubert's melancholy eye. Miss Vane held her breath; she saw her brother staggered by the shock of tiredness which seized him; he caught at the back of an antique heavily carved oak chair for support. In the pause she unconsciously felt the beauty of the golden sunshine that filled every corner in the luxuriously-appointed room, intensifying the glow of crimson in the Persian carpet, illuminating with fire the brass work and silver-plate which decorated the table and the sideboard, vividly outlining in varied tones of delicate hues the masses of fine flowers that filled every vase and bowl in the room. The air was full of perfume—nothing but beauty met the eye; and, in spite of her natural loveliness, her black and evil, how unutterably full of sadness, did the world appear to Leonora Vane just then! And, if she could have seen into the heart of one at least of the men who stood before her, she would almost have died of grief and shame.

"Is it said, sir, that imprisonment for life is a worse punishment than death," said Hubert gently. The face of no man—even of one condemned to lifelong punishment—could have expressed deeper gloom than his own as he said the words. Yet mingling with the gloom there was something inflexible that gave it almost a repellent character. It was as if he would have thrown any show of pity back into the face of those who offered it, and defied the world to sympathize with him on account of some secret trouble which he had brought upon himself.

"Worse than death—worse than death!" repeated the old man. "I do not know what you mean, sir. I shall go up to town at once and see Harbury about this matter. It is in his hands——"

"Not now," interposed Hubert. "The Queen——"

"The Queen will hear reason, sir! I will make my way to her presence, and speak to her myself. She will not refuse the prayer of an old man who has served his country as long and as faithfully as I have done. I will tell her the story myself, and she will see justice done—justice on the man who murdered my brother!"

His voice grew louder and his breath came in choking gasps between the words. His face was purple, the veins on his forehead were swollen and his eyes bloodshot; with one hand he was leaning on the table, with the other he gesticulated violently, shaking the closed fist almost in Hubert's face, as if he mistook him for the murderer himself. It was a pitiable sight. The old man had completely lost his self-control and his venerable white hairs and his fine form accentuated the harrowing effect which his burst of passion produced upon his hearers. Hubert stood silent, spellbound, as it seemed, with sorrow and despair; but Miss Vane, shaking off her unwonted timidity, went up to her brother and laid her hand upon his outstretched quivering arm.

"Richard, Richard, do not speak in that way!" she said. "It is not Christian—it is not even human. You are not a man who would wish to take away a fellow-creature's life or to rob him of a chance of repentance."

The General's hand fell, but his eyes flamed with the look of an infuriated tiger as they as he turned them on Miss Leonora.

"You are a woman," he said harshly, "and, as a woman, you may be what you ought to be—a coward. I am a soldier, and would die for the honor of my family. Not take away the man's life! I swear to you that, if I had him here, I would kill him with my own hand! Does not the Scripture tell us that a life shall be given for a life?"

"It tells us that vengeance is the Lord's, Richard, and that He will repay."

"Yes—by the hands of His servants, Leonora. Are you so base as not to desire the punishment of your brother's murderer? If, so, never speak to me, never come near my house again! And you, young gentleman, get ready to come with me to London at once! I will see Harbury before the day is over."

"My dear General," said Hubert, looking exceedingly perplexed, "I think that you will hardly find Harbury in town. I heard yesterday that he was leaving London for a few days."

"Nonsense, sir! Leaving London before the close of the session! Impossible! But we can get his address and follow him, I suppose! I will see Harbury to-night!"

"It will be useless," said Hubert, with resignation; "but, if you insist——"

"I do insist! The honor of my house is at stake, and I shall do my utmost to bring that ruffian to the gallows! I cannot understand you young fellows of the present day, cold-blooded, effeminate, without natural affection—I cannot understand it, I say. Bless the bell for Saunders; tell him to put up my bag. I will go at once—this very moment—this——"

The General's voice suddenly faltered and broke. For some time his words had been almost unintelligible; they ran into one another, as if his tongue was not under the control of his will. His face, red, then purple, was nearly black, and a slight froth was showing itself upon his discolored lips. As his sister and cousin looked at him in alarm, they saw his head staggered back and as if about to fall. Hubert sprang forward and helped him to his chair, where he lay back, with his eyes half closed, breathing stertorously and apparently almost unconscious. The rage, the excitement, had proved too much for his physical strength; he was on the verge, if he had not absolutely succumbed to it, of an apoplectic fit.

The doctor was sent for in haste. All possibility of the General's expedition to London was out of the question for that day, and Miss Vane's relief. She had been dreading an illness of this kind for some days, and it was this fear which had caused her to telegraph for Hubert before breaking to her brother the news that she herself had learned the night before. She had seen her brother die of a similar attack, and had been roused to watchfulness by symptoms of excitement in her brother's manner during the last few days. The blow had fallen now, and she could only be thankful that matters were no worse.

When the doctor had come—he was met halfway up the drive by a messenger on his way to pay a morning visit to Mrs. Sydney—and when he had superintended the removal of the General to his room, Hubert was left free to pay a morning visit to Mrs. Sydney—and when he had superintended the removal of the General to his room, Hubert was left free to pass the morning with the Sydney-Vanes. He quitted the dining-room and made his way to his favorite resort at Beechfield Hall—a spacious conservatory which ran the whole length of one side of the house. Into this conservatory, now brilliant with exotics, several rooms opened, one after another—a small breakfast-room, a study, a library, billiard-room, and smoking-room. These all communicated with each other as well as with the conservatory, and it was as easy as it was delightful to exchange the neighborhood of books or pipes or billiard-balls for that of Mrs. Vane's orchids and stephanotis blossoms. Poor Mrs. Vane used to grumble over the conservatory. It was on the wrong side of the house—the gentlemen's side, she called it—and did not run parallel with the drawing-room; but the very oddness of the arrangement seemed to please her guests.

Hubert had always liked to smoke his morning cigar amongst the flowers, and as he paced slowly up and down the tasselated floor and inhaled the heavy perfume of the myrtles and the heliotrope, his features relaxed a little, his eyes grew less gloomy and his brow more tranquil. He glanced round him with an air almost of content and drew a deep breath.

"It could live amongst flowers all one's life, away from the crimes and follies of the rest of the world, how happy one might be!" he said to himself half cynically, half sadly, as he stooped to puff away the green fly from a delicate plant with the smoke of his cigar. "That's impossible, however. There's no chance of a monastery in these modern days! What wouldn't I give just now to be out of all this—this misery—this devilry!" He put a long and bitter accent on the last word. "But I see no way out of it—none!"

"There is no way out of it—for you," a voice near him said.

Without knowing it, he had spoken aloud. This answer to his reverie startled him exceedingly. He wheeled round to discover whence it came, and, to his surprise, found himself close to the open library window, where just inside the room, a girl was sitting in a low-cushioned chair.

He took the cigar from his mouth and held it between his fingers as he looked at her, his brow contracting with anger rather than with surprise. He stood thus two or three minutes, as if expecting her to speak, but she did not even raise her eyes. She was a tall, fair girl with hair of the palest flaxen, artistically fluffed out and curled upon her forehead; her downcast eyelids were peculiarly large and white, and, when raised, revealed the greatest beauty and the greatest surprise of her face—a pair of velvety dark-brown eyes, which had the curious power of assuming a reddish tint when she was angry or disturbed. Her skin was of the perfect creaminess which sometimes accompanies red hair—and it was whispered by her acquaintances that Florence Lepel's flaxen locks had once been of a decidedly carroty tinge, and that their present pallor had been attained by artificial means. Whether this was the case or not, it could not be denied that their color was now very becoming to her pale complexion, and that they constituted the chief of Miss Lepel's many acknowledged charms. For, in a rather strange and uncanny way, Florence Lepel was a beautiful woman; and, though critics said that she was too thin, that her neck was too long, her face too pale and narrow, her hair too colorless for beauty, there was some for whom a distinct fascination lay in the unusual combination of these features.

She was dressed from head to foot in sombre black, which made her neck and hands appear almost dazzlingly white. Perhaps it was also the sombreness of her attire which gave a look of fragility—an almost painful fragility—to her appearance. It was here noted, half unconsciously, that her figure was more willowy than ever, that the veins on her temples and her long white hands were marked with extraordinary distinctness, that there were violet shadows on the large eyelids and beneath the drooping lashes. But, for all that, the bitter sternness of his expression did not change. When he spoke, it was in a particularly severe tone.

"I should be obliged to you," he said, still holding his cigar between his fingers and looking down at her with a very dark frown upon his face, "if you would kindly tell me exactly what you mean."

CHAPTER IV.

Florence Lepel raised her beautiful eyes at last to her brother's face.

"I only repeat what you yourself have said. There is no way out of it—for you."

Her voice was quite even and expressionless, but Hubert's face contracted at the sound of her words as if they had stung him. He raised his cigar mechanically to his lips, found that it had gone out, and, instead of relighting it, threw it away angrily from him another time. Florence, his sister, her eyes keen notwithstanding the velvety softness of their glance, saw that his hands trembled as he did so.

"I should like to have some conversation with you," he said, in a tone that betokened irritation, "if you can spare a little time from your duties."

"They are not particularly engrossing just now," said Miss Lepel evenly, indicating the book that lay upon her lap. "I am improving my mind by the study of the French language," she said. "The General knows nothing of French authors since the days of Racine, and will think me quite laudably employed in reading a modern French novel."

"The General is not likely to find you anywhere to-day, not for many a day to come."

"Is he dead?" asked his sister, ruffling the pages of her book. She did not look as if anybody's death could disturb her perfect equanimity.

"Are you a fiend, Florence," Hubert burst out angrily, "that you can speak in that manner of a man who has been so great a benefactor, so kind a friend to both of us? Have you no heart at all?"

"I am not sure. If I ever had one, I think that it was killed—three months ago."

Her voice sank to a whisper as she uttered the last few words. Her breath came in little faster for a second or two—then she was calm again. Her brother looked at her with an air of stupefaction.

"How dare you allude to that shameful episode in your life," he said sternly, "and to me of all people!"

"If not to you, I should certainly speak of it to no one," she answered quietly. There was a sudden blaze of light in the red-brown eyes beneath the heavily-veiled eyelids. "You are my only safety-valve; I must speak sometimes—or die. Besides"—in a still lower tone—"I see nothing shameful about it. We have done no harm. If he loved me better than he loved his chattering commonplace little wife, I was not to blame. How could I help it if I loved him, too? It was kinder—it had to be. You should not have interfered."

"And pray what would have happened if I had not interfered? What shame, what ruin, what disgrace!"

"It is useless for you to rant and rave in that manner," said Florence Lepel, letting her eyes drop once more to the open pages of her French novel. "You did interfere, and there is an end of it. And what an end! You must be proud of your work. He died, Marion dying, the General nearly mad with grief, the man Westwood hanged for a crime that he never committed!"

"Westwood has been reprieved," said Hubert sharply.

"What a relief to you!" commented his sister, with almost incredible coolness.

He turned away from her, catching at his throat as if something rose to choke him there. His fa e was very pale; the lines of pain about his eyes and mouth were plainer and deeper than they had been before. Florence glanced up at him and smiled faintly. There was a strange malignity in her smile.

"You can tell me," she said, when the silence had lasted for some minutes, "what you meant by saying that the General would not find me here to-day."

"He has narrowly escaped a fit of apoplexy. He is to be kept quiet; he will not be able to see any one for some days to come."

"Oh! What brought it on?"

"The news," answered Hubert, reluctantly, "of Westwood's reprieve."

Miss Lepel smiled again.

"Was he so very angry?" she said. "Ah, he would do anything in his power to bring his brother's murderer to justice—I have heard him say so a hundred times! You ought to be very grateful to me, Hubert, for remembering that you are my brother."

"I wish to Heaven I were not!" cried the young man.

"For some things I wish you were not too," said Florence slowly. She sat up, clasped her white hands round her knees and looked at him reflectively. "If you had not been my brother, I suppose you would not have interfered," she went on. "You would have left me to pursue my wicked devices, and simply turned your back on me and Stanley Vane, agree with you. I wish to Heaven—if you like that form of expression—that you were not my brother, Hubert Lepel! You have made the misery of my life."

"And you the disgrace of mine!" he said bitterly.

"Then we are quits," she answered, in the listless, passionless voice that she seemed especially to affect. "We need not reproach each other; we have each had something to bear at one another's hands."

"Florence," said Hubert—and his voice trembled a little as he spoke—"what are you going to do? It is as you say, useless for us to reproach each other for the past; but for the future has not at least he one thing in my sacrifice will avail to keep you in a right path, that you will not again—not again——"

"This is very edifying," said Florence quietly, as the young man broke off abruptly in his speech and turned away with a despairing stamp of the foot—his sister's face would have disconfited a man of far greater moral courage than poor Hubert Lepel—"it is something new for me to be lectured by my younger brother, whose course has surely not been quite reproachful since I shamed your family. Hubert—do not be so absurd! You have acted according to your lights, as the old women say, and I according to mine. There is nothing more for us to talk about. Let us quit the subject; the past is dead."

"I tell you that it is the future that I concern myself about. Upon my honor, Florence, I did not know that you were here when I came down to-day! I thought that you had gone to your friend Mrs. Boucicault at Worcester, as you said to me that you would when I saw you last. Why have you not gone? You said that life here was now intolerable to you. I remember your very words, although I have not been here for weeks."

"Your memory does you credit," said the girl, with slow scorn.

"Why have you stayed?"

"For my own ends—not yours."

"So I suppose."

"My dear brother Hubert," said Florence, composing herself in a graceful attitude in the depths of her basket-chair, "you seem so persuaded to go your own way and leave me to go mine? You have done a good deal of mischief already, don't you know? You have ruined my prospects, destroyed my hopes—if I were sentimental, I might say, broken my heart! Is not that enough for you? For mercy's sake, go your own way henceforward, and let me do as I please!"

"But what is your way? What do you please?"

"Is it well for me to tell you after the warning I have had?"

"If you had a worthy plan, an honorable ambition, you could easily tell me. Again I ask, Why are you here?"

"Yes, why?" repeated Florence, her lip curling and, for the first time, a slight color rising in her pale cheeks. "Why? Your dull wits will not even compass that, will they? Well, my brother, because I am a thoroughly worldly woman, or rather a woman of the world—because it is not well to give up a good home, a luxurious life, and a large salary, when they are to be had for the asking—because, Enid Vane's governess, I can have as much freedom and as little work as I choose. Is not that answer enough for you?"

"No," said Hubert doggedly, "it is not."

She shrugged her graceful shoulders.

"It should be, I think. But I will go on. I look three-and-twenty, but you know as well as I do that I am twenty-nine. In another year I shall be thirty—horrible thought! An attack of illness, even a little more than such as this that I have lately undergone, will make me look my full age. Do you know what that means to a woman? She paused her eyelids and the hollows beneath her eyes with her fingers. "When I look in the glass, I see already what I shall be when I am forty. I must make the best of my youth and of my good looks. You spoiled one chance in life for me; I must make what I can of the other."

"You mean," said Hubert, young, with white, dry lips, which he vainly attempted to moisten as he spoke—"you mean—that you must make what the world calls a good marriage?"

She bowed her head.

"At last you have grasped my meaning," she said coldly; you have hitherto been exceedingly slow to do so."

He looked at her silently for a moment or two, almost with abhorrence. Her fair and delicate beauty affected him with a sort of loathing; he could not believe tha: this woman with the cold lips and malignant eyes had been born of his mother, had played with him in childhood, had kissed him with loving kisses, and spoken to him in sisterly caressing fashion. It took him some minutes to conquer the terrible hatred which grew up within him towards her as he remembered all that she had been and all that she had done; but, when at last he was able to speak, his voice was calm and studiously gentle.

"Florence," he said, "I will not forget that you are my sister. You bear my name, you come of my race, and, wherever you do and whatever you are, I cannot desert you. I promised our mother on her deathbed that I would care for you as long as you needed care; and I never you needed it in your life, you need it now! I have not done my duty to you during the past few weeks. I have left you to yourself, and though I could never forgive you for what you had done. But now I see that I was wrong. If it would be of any service to you, I would make a home for you at once—I would place all my means at your disposal. Come back with me to London, and let us make a home for ourselves together. We are both weary, both have suffered; could we not try to console and strengthen each other?"

The wistfulness of his tone, of his looks, "would have softened any heart that was not hard as stone. But Florence Lepel's pale face was utterly unmoved.

"You offer me a brilliant lot," she said—"to live in London, to dress, and dance, and darn your stockings, while you earn a paltry pittance as a literary man, eked out by aunt Leo's charity! You know you would soon tire of me; you would put up for two years with Marion Vane's patronage and the drudgery of the schoolroom! And now, when the woman who alternately heeded and avoided me, the woman who once took it upon her to lecture me for my behavior to her husband, the woman whom I hated as I should hate a poisonous snake—when that woman is slowly dying and leaving the field to me, am I to throw up the game, give up my chances, and go to vegetate with you in London? Know me very little if you think I would do that."

"I seem to have known you very little all my life," said Hubert bitterly. "I certainly do not understand you now. What can you get by staying here?"

"Oh, nothing, of course!" she answered tranquilly.

"What is your scheme, Florence?"

"It is of no use telling you—you might interfere again."

The anguish of doubt and anxiety in his dark eyes, if she had looked at him, would surely have moved her to pity; but she did not.

"I mean to stay here," she said quietly, teaching Enid Vane, putting up with aunt Leonora's impertinences and with Marion, until I get another chance in the world. What that chance may be of course I cannot tell, but I am certain that it will come."

"You can hope to drag in this house which I—I—infinitely less blameworthy than yourself—can hardly endure to enter!"

"The world was not cut you less blameworthy. I am glad that you are so far on good terms with your conscience."

"Florence," he said, almost threatningly, "take care! I will not have you ruin another life. If I find you involved in any other transaction of which you ought to be ashamed, I will expose you. I will tell your story to the world—that you were on the point of leaving England with Sydney Vane when I—when I——"

"When you shot him," she said, without a trace of emotion manifest in either face or voice, "and let Andrew Westwood bear the blame."

The young man winced as if he had received a blow.

"It was to shield you that I kept silence," he said, passionate agitation showing itself in his manner. "It was to save your good name. But even for your sake I would not have let the man suffer death. If we had obtained no reprieve for him, I would have told the truth, have given myself up and borne the punishment!"

"You were at work then! You tried to get the reprieve for him! You tried his sister, with the faintest possible touch of eagerness.

"I did indeed." Hubert's voice fell into a lower key, as if he were trying, miserably enough, to excuse himself, rather than to her, what he had done. "It would be almost useless to confess my own guilt. It would be incredible to you, who know me so well. Who would believe me—unless you—you yourself corroborated my story? The man Westwood was a poacher, a thief, wretchedly poor and in ill health; he has no character to lose, no friends to consider. Besides he was morally guiltier than I. I know that he was lying in wait for Sydney Vane's life; that I shot at him to be revenged on him. Now I—I met my enemy in fair fight; I did not lie in ambush for him."

But from the darkness of his countenance it was plain that the young man's conscience was not deceived by the specious plea that he had set up for himself. Beneath her drooping eyelids Florence watched him narrowly. She read him in his weakness, his bitterness of spirit, more clearly than he could read himself. Suddenly she rose from her chair and laid a hand on her could touch him with one of her soft cold hands—her hands were always cold.

"Hubert," she said, with a gentle inflection of her voice which made him surprise, "I am perhaps not as bad as you think me, dear. I do not want to quarrel with you—you are my only friend. You have saved my reputation and life death. I will not be ungrateful. I will do exactly as you wish."

He looked bewildered, almost dismayed.

"Do you mean it, Florence?" he asked doubtingly.

"I do indeed. And, in return, oh, Hubert, You will give me another chance to retrieve my wasted, ruined life, will you not? You will still shield me—from—from—disgrace, Hubert—for my mother's sake!"

The tears trembled on her lashes; she slipped down from her low chair and knelt by his side, clasping her hands and laying her slender fingers appealing to him with voice and look alike; and, in an evil hour for himself, he promised at any cost to shield her from the consequences of her folly and sin.

(To be Continued.)

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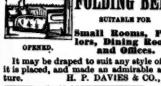

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CHAPTER XVII.

Hugh and Stanley drove towards Eyncourt almost in silence; the unaccountable depression which the young man had felt during his absence in Cambridgeshire, and which had been charmed away during the walk from church, had returned with full force. There was a strange presentiment of coming evil upon him, which was almost as hard to bear as a real calamity.

Stanley also felt vaguely troubled. Her father's return had startled her, and Lady Sara's haggard appearance had made her feel anxious and nervous—her manner had been so uncertain, her glance so full of an unrest and sadness which could not have been the result of ill health only. How hot her poor trembling hands had felt, how pallid were her lips, and how deathly cold was the cheek on which Stanley had pressed her farewell kiss! The girl knew how deep Hugh's love for his mother was, and that his sorrow at any misfortune or illness of hers would be proportionate to that love.

The evening was fresh and fair and bright; there was the chill touch of autumn in the air, and already the early dusk was creeping down slowly from the hills. When they turned into the park, the chilliness increased, and the light was lessened by the dense foliage of Sir Humphrey's great beech-trees. Hugh drew the rug more closely about Stanley.

"You are not cold, my dear?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she replied, giving him a little grateful smile.

"How did you think my mother was looking?" he inquired.

Stanley hesitated for a moment.

"She does not look well," she answered gently. "But the autumn is a trying time for invalids."

"I do not think it is that," the young man returned moodily. "Poor mother!"

Stanley touched his hand with a tender gesture of sympathy, and his fingers closed over hers for a moment. Then they drove on in silence until they reached the house.

The great hall door was open as it had been in the morning, but there was no sunshine now upon the threshold where Stanley had stood waiting for her lover. Within the house the antique brass lamps were already lighted. There was no one but a servant in the hall when they entered. The groom drove the ponies round to the stables; Hugh declared he would rather walk home.

"Sir Humphrey is in his own apartments, ma'am," said the servant, advancing to Stanley. "He is resting; but he desired to be informed when you returned."

"I will not detain you, dear," said Hugh, as the girl led him into the library, where the autumn dusk reigned supreme, unbroken by lamplight or firelight. "I will say good-bye now."

"Will you not wait and see my father?" she asked, in some surprise. "He is always glad to see you, Hugh!"

"He is tired; he would prefer to be alone with you, my darling; and Frank Ashton is at Brancepeth, you know. Will you ride with me in the morning?"

"Yes; I will be ready at eleven," she answered brightly.

"Thank you, dear," he said; "and now good-bye!"

He took her in his arms and held her there for a few moments, looking down with infinite tenderness at her fair face. He might have known that that embrace was to be their last, he held her so closely and so tenderly. In the gathering dusk Stanley could see but dimly the vague shadow of trouble in his eyes as he gazed into hers.

"My own—my own!" he murmured brokenly, as he stooped and pressed his passionate lips to hers; and, abruptly releasing her, he turned and left the house, striding away, his tall, graceful figure disappearing rapidly in the growing dusk.

Stanley stood by the window and watched him go. His manner had startled her. But Hugh was no apathetic lover, and she was accustomed to his sudden changes of manner; under his usually calm exterior lay his real nature—earnest, passionate, ardent; and Stanley herself, single-hearted though she was, had felt happy and grateful to those occasional outbursts of tender ardor which seemed to stir Hugh Cameron's heart. The mingled reticence and passion which characterised him had touched her deeply, and had imparted to her own love a tenderness which was almost maternal in its nature. This fair Sunday evening, as she stood looking after him, she felt a sudden sharp pang, as if something good and precious had gone out of her life—something which would never return to it. And yet how foolish it was! she thought, turning from the library window. Hugh was coming in the morning, and they were to ride together.

"Lady Sara must have upset me a little," she said to herself, as she crossed the library. "How ill she looked to-day!"

She was thinking of Lady Sara as she mounted the great staircase to go to her father. She could recall distinctly her appearance and manner, her colorless face, her fever-bright eyes, the soft, sombre folds of her dress, the diamond stars gleaming in the shadowy black lace; she seemed to feel again the touch of the tremulous, burning fingers, and a smile she recalled the poor lady's momentary annoyance.

"Even Hugh could not put my father from his throne," she thought, as she went down the picture gallery, and, drawing aside a heavy Eastern *portiere*, knocked at the door which led into the suite of rooms which her father occupied. He was not resting, for she could hear his footsteps within moving to and fro.

The sound ceased abruptly as she knocked; but no answer came to her. She waited for a minute, then knocked again. If she could have seen what was passing on the other side of the door by which she stood, her summons would have been more imperative still. Presently Sir Humphrey's voice from within answered her.

"Who is there?" he asked, in a muffled tone.

"It is I, father," she replied gently. "May I come in?"

There was a momentary hesitation.

"Will you excuse me until dinner-time, my dear?" he said. "I am tired with my journey, Stanley."

"So tired as that?" queried Stanley. "You are not ill, dear?" she added, anxiously.

"No, I am only tired," answered the muffled voice from within. "I am resting now, Stanley; I will see you at dinner."

With an anxious sigh the girl turned from the door. It was rare indeed that her father was too tired to receive her. A chill seemed to strike her as she went to her own rooms and began to take off her bonnet.

She was alone in her pretty dressing-room; for Benson had gone to the evening service at the village church. When she had removed her bonnet, she sat down in a low chair by the window with a strange sense of sadness and anxiety oppressing her. The window faced the west, and through a gap in the beech trees she could see the crimson and gold and purple of the sunset which yet lingered above the hills; but in a few minutes it faded slowly, leaving a line of faintly-tinted clouds above the gray horizon.

It was quiet and peaceful and pleasant in the pretty room; but Stanley could think of nothing but her father's unusual behavior, and her anxiety deepened every moment. It was so strange to send an imperative summons for her to return home, and then, when she came, to shut himself into his own apartments and refuse her admittance. Something had happened—something was wrong. What was it?

She tried to reason herself out of her fears—she tried even to ridicule them—but failed. The anxiety was so new to her that she began to wonder vaguely what ailed her—if there was not some physical cause for her depression. But she felt no fatigue—nothing but this terrible anxiety.

Her confusion and restlessness became almost unbearable; and at the sound of the first bell she sprang to her feet with an exclamation of relief.

She took off her simple, gray gown and replaced it by a soft, white garment which fell around her in clinging folds, and which, while it was high to her throat, left her arms partly bare. She put on no ornaments save the one she always wore—a *porte-bonheur* bracelet with two words upon it, formed of closely-set, small brilliants. *Toujours, jamais*, was the legend on the bracelet which Hugh had given her a day or two after they had been engaged. As she went downstairs, the gleam of the diamonds in her engagement ring caught her eye, and she drew a long breath in sudden fear. Might it not be—— Ah, but it was utterly impossible! Nothing could come between her and Hugh!

In the drawing room the softly-shaded lamps were burning, and the fragrance of hot-house flowers filled the air. Sir Humphrey had not yet come down; and Stanley had to endure another quarter of an hour's suspense before the door opened and he appeared.

As the girl went forward to meet him, she saw that he had not dressed for dinner, and she was struck with something very unusual, not so much in his appearance as in his manner.

He was paler certainly, and not so vigorous as usual; but he did not look ill. He smiled as he took her hand and kissed her; but the smile was a forced and sorrowful one, and there was more than the usual tenderness in the kiss he pressed upon the girl's white brow. He began to talk hurriedly, almost nervously, excusing himself for his refusal to see her, alleging his fatigue as the reason; while Stanley, who was anything but reassured by his manner, could only answer in monosyllables, and wonder if he would tell her the reason of his hurried journey and unexpected return. But he volunteered no information, nor did he mention Hugh Cameron.

"You traveled with Mr. Ashton?" she remarked, breaking a rather awkward pause. "He arrived at Brancepeth before I left, and I saw him there."

Sir Humphrey's grizzled eyebrows met in a heavy frown; but he answered in his usual tone:

"Yes—we traveled together."

Then he changed the subject abruptly; while his daughter noticed with surprise and fear that he made no inquiry about Lady Sara's health—nor did he mention any of the family at Brancepeth. She resolved to broach the subject herself.

"Lady Sara is a little better to-day," she said, wondering at the timidity she felt in addressing her father. "She is able to leave her room; but she looks very ill indeed still; and Hugh seems anxious and unhappy about her."

Sir Humphrey made no reply. He had been standing by the mantelpiece; but now he moved away and walked across to the window. The movement was so marked that Stanley could not mistake its meaning; he wished to avoid any mention of Brancepeth.

Fearless though she usually was with her father, his manner was so stern and repellant now that she could not put the question which at another time would have come freely to her lips; and when the second bell rang, falling upon the silence with an almost startling clamor, and Sir Humphrey, turning from the window, advanced and gave her his arm, the hand she laid upon his coat sleeve was trembling with agitation. The old man looked down at it, and his lip quivered under his heavy moustache as he put his own hand over it.

"Stanley," he said very gently, letting his eyes rest upon her face with an expression of great tenderness and compassion, "you will trust me, dear—you can trust your father?"

The girl's upraised eyes answered him as unhesitatingly as her lips.

"Oh, father, if I could not trust you, whom could I trust?" she said piteously. "What is it? Whatever it is, we can bear it together—can we not?"

"We must bear it together—you and I," he replied. "I will tell you presently, my daughter. We must have some food first; for we shall need all our strength. Come!"

As they crossed the hall, Stanley noticed that his step had grown feeble, as if he had suddenly become an old man—he who had been stronger and more stalwart than many men thirty years younger than himself—and that he seemed rather to lean upon her, although he had given her the support of his arm. The thought made her strong; and she found courage and calmness to talk to him through the long and elaborate dinner for which neither of them had any appetite, although her heart was faint within her at the sight of the lines so deeply graven on his forehead and about his mouth—lines which forty eight hours since had been scarcely visible.

(To be Continued.)

An Unorthodox View of Profanity.

I suppose that the use of strong language, more forcible than polite, may be classed among the evils of our social condition, but I deny that it is the outcome of total depravity. Instead, it is an escape valve for the annoyances of overwrought, overtaxed humanity, and reform in its direction should strike beyond it at the evils requiring this escape valve.

Women, being somewhat nearer the angels than men, may smooth their ruffled feelings in some less emphatic manner, but they are foolish to lift up their hands in holy horror or give lectures gratis on the beauty of self-control when man indulges in forcible language. Self-control is all very well in its place, but it is suicidal at times to bottle up one's exasperation. It ought to find vent. Of course, one is shocked by low, gross profanity, but we all know there are situations to which nothing but that short, crisp, telling word in such common use among us will do justice. Unprovoked profanity is, of course, a weakness. It is a waste of shot and powder.

"Blessings on the man who first invented sleep," writes Sancho Panza, and the other man who invented that satisfactory monosyllable we have indicated had a sharp eye to the needs of future generations.

There is a sort of home-manufactured profanity used by those who lack the moral (?) courage to take hold of the genuine article. I always feel a mild contempt for such people. They are apt to deal in light weight and scanty measurement and other petty meanness in business. They are the mealy-mouthed sort, who would damn a neighbor's character by base insinuation.

I have seen a man whose indulgence in strong language upon provocation was a sore trial to his pious wife, and yet in a neighborhood of church-members, he, though outside the fold, was the model character of the community when it came to a question of honor.

Who ever knew a sea captain who could not use language more pacific than elegant upon occasion, yet what a noble, big hearted class they are? They seem to have absorbed a grand contempt for conventionalities from old ocean, and profanity in them has a suggestion of the picturesque.

It is sometimes a disadvantage to cut off from this escape-valve. There is something almost pathetic in the story of the deacon, who saw his load of apples rolling down hill through the agency of a vicious tailboard, just as his oxen had slowly dragged it to the top. It was too much for human endurance. The old-fashioned expletives trembled on his lips, when suddenly, the spire overtopping the grove of maples across the meadow, warned him that he was a church-member.

But an escape-valve in the shape of Tom Knowles, who was noted for profanity, came up in the nick of time.

"Tom," said the deacon, tendering him a coin, with an unutterable glance at the apples' race down hill, "hoe in now and give us a quarter's worth of swear words."

Pretty Soon.

Lawyer Switzer.—Call a messenger, Richard Richard.—Yes, sir.

Lightning Charley, (ten seconds later).—Sorry to late, boss, but some gravel got in th' way an' I rasped a little comin 'round th' corners.—*Puck.*

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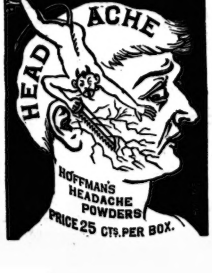

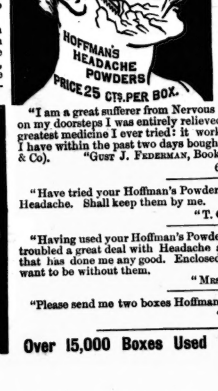

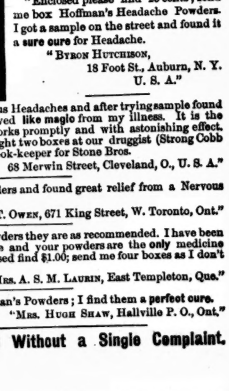

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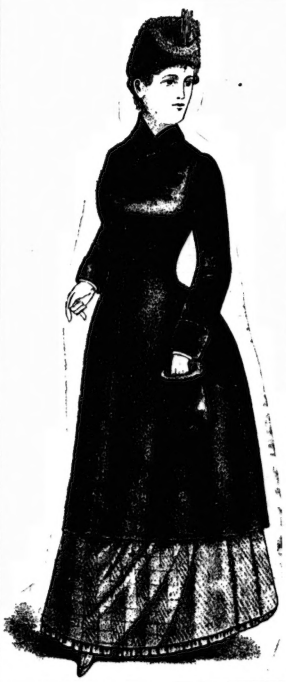

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About Roofing.

Next to the foundations, perhaps the most important item about a building is the roof. If the roof is imperfect in character, or imperfectly put on, it is the cause of much serious damage to the building, and a perpetual annoyance to the tenant. Centuries ago, in the old country, buildings were erected slowly, the materials used were those known to be the very best to endure the test of time and weather. It is a common sight in all the old cities of Europe to see buildings now in constant use with walls and roof intact, just as they were built hundreds of years ago.

But in these days of hurry and rush, when buildings are projected, completed and occupied in a few weeks, strength, permanence and solidity have to give way to speed, and the question of actual value of the materials used is made to give way to the question of how cheaply they may be purchased.

Competition is a healthy thing in all lines of trade, but when competition among builders becomes fierce, and the prices obtained are low, the inevitable result is that the contractor has to cheapen the quality of his work, buy the lowest priced materials, and rush the job through with the least possible amount of labor, to make a small margin of profit or to save himself from actual loss.

In no line of work is this more apparent than in the matter of roofing. The cheapest man gets the work. Incompetent men embark in the business, and the result in Toronto is that the a vast number of occupants are complaining that a perfect roof is almost impossible to get. Especially is this the case in the matter of felt and gravel roofing. When the best materials are used, and the workmen are skilled, it is the best known for buildings having a flat roof, but otherwise, like everything else, it becomes unsatisfactory. A few months ago the Parmelee Roofing and Paving Company began business here, and it soon became apparent that the work done by this company was of a totally different character from anything heretofore seen in this city. Roofing put on by them is unhesitatingly pronounced the most perfect that has ever been laid in the city; also a considerable number of roofs which had been about given up as worthless while yet almost new have been made absolutely watertight in a few hours by the skilled men employed by this company. Among such roofs may be mentioned those of D. W. Alexander & Co., Front and Church streets, and A. O. Andrews & Co., 151 Yonge street.

A good sample of this roofing is to be seen on the new addition to the Arlington Hotel, corner of King and John streets. This hotel has recently been remodelled and luxuriously refitted, no expense having been spared in anything. It is therefore a strong recommendation for the Parmelee Company that they were selected to do the roofing.

Mr. James Austin, President of the Dominion Bank, and of the Consumers' Gas Co., for whom the Parmelee Company have recently executed a contract at his residence on the Davenport road, speaks of it as the finest work of the kind he had ever seen.

The Company's office is at No. 10 Adelaide street West.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
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GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FOSTER—At Thessalon, Ont., on October 14, Mrs. W. C. Foster—a daughter.
DEEKS—At Toronto, on October 19, Mrs. C. A. Deeks—a son.
BLACKLEY—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. Wm. Blackley—a daughter, stillborn.
ROUGH—At Toronto, on October 29, Mrs. W. S. Rough—a daughter.
FERGUSON—At Cookstown, on October 25, Mrs. O. R. Ferguson—a daughter.
SFRATHY—At Barrie, on October 24, Mrs. J. A. Strathy—a daughter.
AMBERY—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. C. Clayton Ambery—a son.
BURWASH—At Arnprior, on October 23, Mrs. Arthur Burwash—a daughter.
DAVISON—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. J. Davison—a daughter.
MEWBURN—At Hamilton, on October 27, Mrs. Sydney C. Mewburn—a son.

Marriages.

McGILL—LINTON—At 58 Alexander street, on Wednesday, October 30, by Rev David C. Clappison, Peter McGill of Toronto to Charlotte Elizabeth, youngest daughter of James Linton, Esq., of Pickering, Ont.
HASTINGS—HATCH—At Toronto, on October 25, Dr. C. J. Hastings to Alice Hatch.
DURKIN—McGUIRE—At Toronto, on October 29, P. J. Durkin to Annie McGuire.
JEFFERS—BURT—At Toronto, on October 24, John J. Jeffers to Maria Louise Burt.
McMINN—TAYLOR—At Palgrave, on October 28, W. A. McMinn of Tottenham to M. J. Taylor.
McCLELLAND—GIBB—At Toronto, on October 28, T. H. McClelland of Buffalo, to Mary Gyr.
GRAHAM—WOOLLEY—At Toronto, on October 18, John S. Graham to Lucy Woolley.
STANTON—JENNINGS—At Toronto, on October 24, Charles Stanton to Mary A. Jennings.
PLAYFAIR—GOLDVIE—At Montreal, on October 24, Jas. Playfair to S. Charlotte Ogilvie.
BOYD—ALEXANDER—At Santa Barbara, Cal., on October 16, Alden March Boyd to Margaret E. Alexander.
IRELAND—IRELAND—At Glen Tay, on October 23, Wm K Ireland to Sarah Smith Ireland.
RAWE—TILLEY—At Burketon, Ont., George Rawe to Lizzie Tilley.
McINTOSH—RUSSELL—At Toronto, on October 24, Jas. F. McIntosh to Jane Smille Russell.

Deaths.

LAW—At Toronto, on October 27, William Law, aged 35 years.
MORRIS—At Toronto, on October 28, Hon. Alexander Morris, Q.C., aged 63 years.
MILNE—At Bowmanville, on October 27, John Milne, aged 67 years.
YOUNG—At Toronto, on October 29, Archibald Young, aged 57 years.
GRAY At Toronto, on October 29, Maria Gray.
MACKENZIE—At Toronto, on October 25, Mrs. J. P. Mackenzie.
ROSS—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, on October 5, Capt. John Ross of Lindsay, Ont.
SMITH—At Toronto, on October 24, N. C. Smith, aged 75 years.
COSBY—At Montreal, on October 5, Andrew Hamm Cosby.
FENNER—At Toronto, on October 25, Mrs. J. W. Fenner, aged 66 years.
ARTHUR—At Chapleau, Ont., on October 19, infant son of R. H Arthur, M.D., aged 2 weeks.
LAVERY—At Milton, on October 28, Rev. James Lavery, aged 26 years.
McINTOSH—At New York, on October 24, John M. McIntosh, aged 46 years.
FELTT—At Buffalo, on October 23, Sophia Feltt, aged 67 years.
McINTOSH—At Uxbridge, on October 21, Samuel McIntosh, aged 72 years.
CHAFFEY—At Mildura, Australia, on October 6, Mrs. W. B Chaffey.
MACDONALD—At Toronto, on October 26, James Grant Macdonald aged 50 years.
TURNER—At Toronto, on October 27, James Turner, aged 73 years.
BRYDON—At Eglington, on October 27, Mrs. Elizabeth Brydon.
BLACKLEY—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. Wm. Blackley.

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HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
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